The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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A NOVEL TUB RACE IN AMERICA.

Ladies Compete for a Box of Gloves in an Event of a Highly Amusing Character.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO.

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. (Birmingham).—Portraits will appear next week.

M. (Liverpool).—Thanks for communication.

W. W. (Glasgow).—Will appear later.

B. (Aldershot).—Your request has been granted.

INQUIRER.—The trophy for the shaving competition can be seen at the THE MIRROR OF LIFE office. The competition will be decided shortly.

A STEADY growth in the circulation of a paper is, indeed, a healthy sign, particularly at a season of the year when all journals are supposed to lag. Last week our actual sales increased over a thousand copies, and the edition was entirely out of print by Friday. For the present issue we have increased orders to the extent of three thousand copies, and it is safe to predict that next week will find us moving still another peg forward. The boxing season opens up six weeks hence, and then we look for a rapid advance. It merely demonstrates beyond question that the British public fully appreciate a thoroughgoing illustrated sporting journal such as THE MIRROR OF LIFE, which supplies a long felt want in the United Kingdom.

* * *

OUR portrait pages this week will be hailed with delight by all true English sportsmen, whilst the illustration of the boxing tourney at Aldershot will surely meet with the approval of all members of the British Army. Much credit is due to Colonel M. G. Fox for bringing the affair to such a successful conclusion, and the very fact that His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, and other distinguished personages of this country and Germany were patrons, is sufficient to give the manly art a higher standing than the most sanguine sportsman had ever anticipated.

* * *

THE season will open up with a boom, and providing two or more important matches are decided by the first of the year, it will become a rage with the aristocracy of this country. The first battle of an international character will be the meeting of Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brien, who will come together at the National Sporting Club in October for a purse of £150. It will be the first effectual step to weed out the middle weight division, and the victor will have to but dispose of Ted Pritchard to make him the undisputed Middle-Weight Champion of Great Britain.

* * *

CASERIO SANTO, the murderer of President Carnot, has paid the penalty of his crime, and though he utilised his every effort to assume the character of a brave man, he trembled so violently that the executioner's assistants had some difficulty in pinioning his arms. Santo's teeth chattered and his knees shook to such an extent that the culprit could hardly step upon the scaffold.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

ARTHUR FLAUNTY.

A Veteran Distance Runner of Woolwich who has a Good Record.

(With Portrait.)

ARTHUR FLAUNTY, of Woolwich, was born on April 9, 1853, stands 5ft 5½in, and scales 9st 7lb in running gear. When quite a lad he secured employment at the Woolwich Arsenal, and remained there till he took to running some twenty years ago. He has since then won over six hundred prizes at distances ranging from 440 yards to twenty miles. Being a game and determined runner he has always found good backing when he started in a race. During his career he has probably run more miles than any pedestrian in the kingdom, and being always a "tryer," he has commanded the respect of all who have come in contact with him. A few years back he offered to wager that he could lower the record at twenty-one miles, but found no one to dispute his claim. Though well advanced in years, he recently defeated H. Mackins in a race of ten miles at Plumstead, in February, 1894, for £20. Same place, on Good Friday, he finished first in an open four miles race; and at Charlton, on Whitsuntide, he was first in a 400 yards, a half mile, and a mile race. Flaunty stands prepared to accept a mile start off any man in the world in a twenty mile race. He has taken the Turkish Baths at 71, Wellington Street, Woolwich, and will devote his entire attention to conducting that establishment for the future.

SHE WAS OF FULL AGE.

THE curious incident that occurred the other day at Dulwich, where a marriage had to be postponed owing to the absence of the vicar through forgetfulness, has been the means of bringing forth many wedding anecdotes. One is told by a City curate, to whom the experience happened on the occasion of his first wedding. The rector had told him to be careful to fill up the register with the correct ages of the bride and bridegroom. The ceremony having been gone through, the happy couple, who were of mature age, adjourned to the vestry to sign the register. The bridegroom when asked his age gave it at once as 60; but the bride, with the modesty natural to the sex, merely said she was of full age, while, when remonstrated with, she pertly told the curate that it was not the first time she had gone through the ceremony, and she meant to insist upon her rights. Finally, as the bride remained obdurate, the bridegroom, thinking to put matters straight, told the curate the age. Far from serving as the oil on the waters, this only made matters worse, for the bride flew into a passion, and insisted upon the bridegroom telling her how he knew her age. "I looked at your family Bible, my dear," was the quiet rejoinder. "And what right had you, pray, to take such a liberty before we were married?" And the two, who had come to church as affectionate as a pair of turtle doves, left in a pet. The curate, who was responsible for bringing about this first quarrel, is still wondering what was the final upshot of this unfortunate incident.

THEY SAY

— That Mr. Murphy, the Governor of the goal at Leavenworth, Kansas, who was dismissed from his position on August 11, in consequence of irregularities having been discovered in the management of the institution, returned on August 13, and, with a set of keys which he had retained in his possession, he opened the doors of the gaol and of the cells and liberated the whole of the prisoners. Most of the men escaped, but Mr. Murphy himself was arrested by the police and lodged in gaol.

* * *

— That an extraordinary duel has taken place in Brussels between two young men. They were enamoured of the same young lady, who for a time regarded them with equal favour, but after considerable hesitation made her choice. The unsuccessful suitor, furious with jealousy, challenged his rival to a duel, and proposed that each should be armed with a piece of rope, and that they should thrash each other as long as they could hold out. The challenge was accepted and the combatants met. The fight, however, had not been long in progress when the police came up and stopped it. Both "duellists" were covered with blood. The challenger had the worst of the encounter, his face being a mass of bruises.

* * *

— That a young billiard-marker named Samuel Jackson was brought up at Cambridge, accused of an attempt upon the life of his stepmother, on whose neck he inflicted three wounds with a razor. On his arrest Jackson, who had been drinking, said that he meant to do it, and that he could only be hanged. The medical evidence showed the woman to be in no danger, and the prisoner was remanded.

* * *

— That a magnificent gold ring, set with emeralds and diamonds, was the German Emperor's parting gift to Mr. G. T. White, chief traffic superintendent of the L.S.W.R.

* * *

— That as Sangers' circus procession was passing the Brighton Aquarium a horse attached to a coal van, frightened by the elephants, suddenly turned amongst a crowd of persons, knocking them down and injuring a woman and a boy, and smashing up a bicycle.

* * *

— That Thomas Thurlby, commission agent, of Barnaby Street, Chelsea, was fined 40s. at West London for causing an obstruction by betting. Arnaud, 381, P., who was dressed like a costermonger, said he saw prisoner with several other men in Petersham Mews, at the corner of Queen's Gate.

* * *

— That reports from San Francisco announce the somewhat unexpected death of Mrs. Tolman, who held a medical diploma and had enjoyed a very considerable professional practice, but in whose demise certain well-known English and Australian families must feel far more concern than Americans. Mrs. Tolman was a niece of the present Baron Blantyre, but passed the best years of her life in Australia, and had what most people would regard as a romantic career in the Antipodes. Her sponsors, and, indeed, her guardians, until she attained to woman's estate, were Mrs. Gladstone (whose son, the late Mr. William Henry Gladstone, married the youngest daughter of Lord Blantyre) and Sir Daniel Cooper, who, from 1856 to 1860, was Speaker of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly.

* * *

— That at Brooklyn, U.S.A., the injunction granted on the application of Mr. Lederer, theatrical manager, against Miss Lillian Russell, the well-known actress, to prevent her fulfilling her engagement at a London theatre unless she pays a forfeit of 10,000dols. has been sustained by the Supreme Court.

"Sir," she cried, "I spurn you!"

"Hear me out," he pleaded.

She shrugged her shoulders and turned coldly away.

"Adored one," he proceeded, "do you know that your father has absolutely forbidden me to ever think of marrying you?"

She started.

"You do not deceive me?" she demanded agitatedly.

"Upon my oath, no," he replied, "I saw him but now."

With a glad cry she fell into his arms.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

A: "I can recommend a charming summer resort to you, where you will not be troubled by your creditors."

B: "What's the use of that unless it's a place where I've an opportunity of contracting new debts."

* * *

HUMOUR HIGGINS: "Dat's a mighty short but yon are smokin'."

WEARY WATKINS: "I know it, but I don't have to draw the smoke so fur, see?"

* * *

"Is it the Knights ov Labor ye're goin' by jine?" said Mrs. Rafferty.

"Oi wor t'inkin' av it," replied her husband.

"Thin stop t'inkin' and take my advice. Ye made no Knights ov Labor. Phwat ye want is more days av labor an' noights av rist."

* * *

PHYSICIAN: "I would advise you to take a walk before breakfast every morning."

CHOLLY NOBRANE: "Impossible, my deah fellow. Quite out o' the question, don't-cherknow. I nevah get up before dinner."

* * *

"WELL, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college, I see?"

"Yes," growled the old man.

"Has he learned anything?"

"More'n I ever could," said the old man. "He's learned how to smoke cigarettes."

* * *

HICKS: "If a certain business man doesn't let up sending letters to my wife, there is going to be a row."

DIX: "Why, what can the old reprobate have to say to her."

HICKS: "Keeps inviting her to his millinery openings."

* * *

CORELLI: "My fiancée spends an awful lot of money on her dresses; yet, strange to say, she has had the same dressmaker for years."

STONE: "Are you sure, old man, you are not going to marry the wrong girl?"

* * *

BUNDAY: "Why do all of Young Playwrite's friends crowd to the theatre to see his piece the first night of its production?"

SNAPLEIGH: "They want to be sure of seeing it."

* * *

POWELL: "I see by your sign that you are a dispensing chemist."

CHEMIST: "Yes, sir."

POWELL: "What do you dispense with?"

CHEMIST: "With accuracy, sir."

POWELL: "I thought so. That last prescription I had made up here nearly killed my wife."

* * *

TIMMINS: "I am afraid I am getting old. A giggling girl is becoming a nuisance to me."

SIMMONS: "You are not getting old; you are merely getting middle-aged. When you begin to grow old you will commence liking giggling girls again."

* * *

DOCTOR: "Your husband's pulse is going at a terrific rate, madam. I don't know how to account for it."

MRS. SPRINGER: "I know I told him you might bring your bill with you."

* * *

MRS. NEWLYWED: "Henry, I think you're real mean."

MR. NEWLYWED: "Well, what have I done?"

MRS. NEWLYWED: "Mother writes that in your letter asking her to come and see us you said 'visitation' instead of 'visit,' and now she's not coming."

* * *

POWELL: "The cost of the cigars and whisky consumed in this country in one year would build a navy."

MILFORD: "Yes, but it never will."

* * *

PERSONIA: "I want to get a gown to match my complexion."

PERDITA: "Why don't you get a hand-painted one."

* * *

"Does your husband ever make you a promise and then break it?"

"Oh, yes; but Jack is so good—he is always more than willing to make me a new one."

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

MEMOIRS OF TOM CRIBB.

Thomas Cribb was a native of the parish of Bitton, in Gloucestershire, about five miles from Bristol, having been born at the village of Hanham, July 8, 1781. Situated in the same parish are Kingswood and Cockerwood, places formerly noted for coals and boxing, and the subject of this memoir, in common with all other of the commonality thereabout, was early initiated in both. A century ago most of the Bristolians of fisty note could trace their origin to the district of these pits or the neighbouring county of Somerset; a hardy race, living free and unrestrained, and imposing the task on all they dealt with of knowing how to take care of themselves in any disputes that cropped up. The recesses of Cockerwood, where Cribb's relations lived, afforded a secure retreat to persons who rendered themselves obnoxious to the law, so that lost horses that strayed thither seldom found their way back for a season, and the owners' friends were seldom numerous enough to seek after them.

Tom Cribb arrived in London in 1795, being then at the tender age of thirteen years old, though a stout youth. He was directed to a relative of his mother, a bell-hanger by trade, with whom, having dodged about some time, he at length plied at the coal wharfs along Wapping, a profitable and appropriate employment for young fellows who had great strength and were of tolerably sober habits, both of which he possessed in no common degree. The turn-ups inseparable from the profession brought Cribb into notice throughout that neighbourhood, where he received for cognomen "The Black Diamond," as being expressive of his calling and his pluck. This, however, is now known to depend so much upon constitutional strength, or the actual state of body at the time of contestation, that severe training is found to answer every purpose of bracing the system, and restoring it to that desirable state; and when conducted with due skill and perseverance, renders the subject thereof less vulnerable to external injuries. Cribb, on the contrary, possessed the best of constitution naturally, as was evinced upon occasion of his being capsized from one of those boards that lead from barge to barge, and on which the workmen traversed each other with much peril, considering the rise and fall of the tide, which constantly affected the position of the barges, and consequently the security of those boards. Over one of these, between the craft, he fell with his load, and got jammed in a dreadful manner, but recovered; after a while, by dint of a good stamina, and, it seems, took to miscellaneous employment, though equally honourable to that of a coal porter; because not long after he was subjected to another accident that occasioned a troublesome spitting of blood. Having a double chest of oranges on his head, his heels slipped up, and the chest alighted on his breast, an accident which would have cost an ordinary man his life. Hereupon he went to sea, and though no reports are known of this interesting period of his life, no doubt he did his duty manfully.

We state these particulars because it frequently happens that men are good men, though they may not yet have entered the ring, and this latter piece of information more particularly, because that man is a dastard who, at some period or other of his life, has found an opportunity of serving against the enemy; especially when the demand is urgent and the public peril great. At the conclusion of the short peace, he got discharged (1803); and towards the close of the next year, having exhibited himself no little, he was pitched upon to fight the veteran George Maddox. The meeting took place on Wood Green, two miles north of Highgate, on Monday, January 7, 1805. Maddox, though then nearly fifty years of age, and two inches shorter than Cribb, who was scarcely twenty-four, possessed so much bottom and science, that at setting-to the odds were very little against him; he, too, came from a fighting ancestry, and on one occasion had been seconded by his sister. On this occasion, however, Paddington Jones seconded him, while Black Sam very sympathetically seconded the Black Diamond. Whoever persuaded Cribb to prefer an old good one for his trial battle (or doubt in the ring), was in the right, but he should always have guarded him against the illusage to which young pugilists, without powerful support, are too commonly subjected when they seem in a fair way of winning the battle. For many men lay wagers with a determination "not to lose" upon any suit, so, if the subject (no matter what) goes against them, they endeavour to joke off the whole affair. If that won't do, they quarrel it off. If this, again, will not do, they then fight it off—so they have three chances to one against honourable persons. But as for Cribb himself, he could look back upon the early part of his milling career without finding much cause of complaint when 'tis put in the balance with some of his subsequent contests, when he in turn was the favourite of those who endeavoured not to lose at any rate. He himself, however, was not to be charged with any participation in the scene that took place in one of his subsequent battles, when the ring was broke to prevent his defeat. Neither was he quarrelsome in his cups beyond a proneness to laying wagers, and to press them stiffly; on the contrary, he appealed to the law and magistracy rather too hastily, a larrup in the head being a more appropriate punishment for some kinds of insults, and an amicable reference of legal disputes better than "going to a jury."

His second battle was fought with Tom Tough (Blake by name) on Blackheath, for a purse of forty guineas. The money had been collected by subscription on the day of his last fight, and took place the 15th of February following. Cribb's arm was too long for the science of Blake, and for the first quarter of an hour the latter could make no impression upon Cribb, but absolutely broke down his prowess by baffling it with superior strength. While Blake was manœuvring in breathless anxiety to go in, Cribb kept an arm extended, over which he fought, retreating, until his antagonist, committing some fault, or becoming exhausted, he had an opportunity to place some hits worth remembering, and it is worthy of remark that Cribb never made his blows tell so well, nor acted offensively to so much effect as when Blake exerted himself the most. Three years afterwards Horton proceeded in the same manner with Cribb that Blake did upon the occasion of their meeting; both of them dancing round with more of spar than of fight in them, and when they had spirit to venture upon going in, each caught "toco for yam." The conqueror was punished about the head in this second contest, which did not happen so materially in the subsequent one to which we allude; indeed, all Cribb's battles may be said to have been described in this single one, with one or two such exceptions.

So much satisfaction did the gentlemen feel at the prowess of Tom that no time was lost in again matching him; and he fought Ikey Pig on May 21, 1805, for another 40 guineas, raised as before, and again conquered his man. Ikey was a Jew of remarkable athletic form, about the shoulders especially, with sledge hammer fists. Cribb was the favourite with the spectators, but Ikey with the Israelites, and the latter wanted odds at first, but gave them in the early part of the contest, inasmuch as Cribb was floored several times. This, however, was the legal means of causing the opponent to exhaust his superior strength, which end it effected, hit and drop being equal to hit and get away, particularly if that plan bothers the adversary, and was the common finesse of the native Bristol school of pugilism in those days. What was more surprising, Mr. Ikey Pig (or Pic) sung out "enough" at the end of the eleventh round, while Cribb was yet down on the ground, whither one of the Jew's blows seem to have sent him! The thing "was strange, 'twas passing strange, 'twas wonderful." At each fall, and there were no less than seven, Tom was noticed feeling for his opponent's ribs—two or three of his blows being very successfully placed.

Upon the termination of this contest, the bettors upon Ikey chaffed a good deal about "falling down," and though another Jew (Josephs) made a specific agreement on that point with his antagonists, yet it went for nothing. Paddington Jones, who seconded Cribb at that fight, took umbrage at something or other, and joining with the adverse party, afterwards carried over the plans and tactics of his former friend to the enemy. Jones was always a good, active, and intelligent second, and took in, at a glance, the means adopted by his principal, to secure the victory; accordingly, he not only seemed very forward in promoting the next battle in which Cribb was engaged, but he seconded the opposing man so effectually, that he procured the defeat of his former friend, thus adding one more illustration of practical remarks regarding good seconding men.

One Dick Hall, who was no great shakes either way, picked up Cribb upon the next occasion, and proved himself but an ordinary man for the situation.

George Nicholls, a butcher, from the neighbourhood of Bristol, having been previously tried on by Jones, was now brought by him to tackle Cribb, for a purse of £25, at Blackwater. He proved himself a good fellow, smiled during the earlier part of the battle, and fought much in Cribb's cautious manner, with the left arm much extended. It was tedious work to behold until the men were pricked a little, though Nicholls was the gamest man of the two, and saw well the moment for planting a blow in the first round. Nicholls imparted the first clean knockdown blow; in the fourth Cribb stopped George's forwardness by a left-handed facer.

Several good rallies took place to the nineteenth round, when one of Cribb's peepers seemed dark, and from that time to the end of the fortieth round he seldom had any advantage, and gradually lost ground. However, he stood up to be hit at for twelve more rounds, when he gave in.

Bill Richmond pretended to fight Cribb for a match of 25 guineas, October 8, 1805, at Hailsham, in Sussex. The black hopped and danced round his man, and protracted the contest for an hour and a half, and then cried, "Enough," with a smile, but without making a mark upon the steady nob of Cribb. The Duke of Clarence, who was present, appeared to enjoy the frolic of Blackey, though, however, it was mere burlesque, and ought not to have been tolerated one minute.

Eighteen months passed away before Cribb was again called upon to contest the palm of victory, when his patron, Captain Barclay, matched him against Jem Belcher for 200 guineas. Jem had lost an eye by a racket ball, but still retaining the title of champion he was forced to undertake any man that might offer, or resign the honour. They met accordingly the 8th of April, 1807, at Moulsey Hurst, Belcher being the favourite—3 to 2—and moreover, on entering the ring he betted Cribb 25 guineas to 20 on the event. Cribb was in the primest state of health, was known to be a glutton, and on this occasion turned out to be a better sparrer than hitherto; whereas Jem required a greater length of time and different training to what he did receive, besides being "down in the mouth" at having lost by death his old and fast friend, Mr. Fletcher Reid.

Belcher could not, and in effect did not, last long enough to prove to his opponent the truth, though up to the fifteenth round the bets rose so high as 4 to 1 in his favour. In the eighteenth round Belcher sprained his wrist, and having received a hit over his perfect eye, as might have been anticipated, he threw away his blows and exhausted his power upon the superior strength of his adversary. Forty-one rounds in 35min transferred the championship from Belcher to Cribb, but scarcely a man of sensibility in the ring in those days failed to lament the thing as pitiable, and nothing but the uniform moderation and steady uprightness of Cribb could reconcile them to it.

Jem Belcher was never beat, it was only a part of him that was beat. So much was this the public opinion, that although Cribb had so obtained the Championship *de facto*, he was not hailed as such *de jure*, until the period of his first fight with Molyneaux.

Thirteen months' spell brought Cribb in contact with Horton, who had conquered George Cribb at Bristol, but the latter was a swell cur and was beat. Tom, however, met him on Wednesday, the 1st of May, 1808, in the same ring that Gully afterwards contested with Gregson, the match being for 100 guineas. Gordon's system of hitting was so much unlike anything ever witnessed, excepting that his fiddlesticks seemed always at play to little tune, that he only came within reach of Cribb to be marked: "Go home to thy mother," said Tom, "she won't knaw thee agen." About half-an-hour extinguished this pupil of the Chicken as a boxer, though betting was even to the moment of setting to, when Captain Barclay offered 5 to 4, 6 to 4, and 7 to 4 successively on Cribb, which some few accepted.

Next, Gregson, who had been twice vanquished by John Gully, undertook Tom Cribb, but this circumstance, combined with those we have related, immediately raised the odds a shade or two in favour of Cribb, and at setting to there were no takers to 5 to 4. This was confessedly the most interesting fight the champion had yet engaged in; the equal degree of science (though of two sorts), the consonance in the degree of activity also possessed by them, and the knowledge that the term Champion would be conferred on the conqueror, since Gully had retired, altogether conspired to excite the public interest in no common manner. It took place at Moulsey Hurst, October 25, 1808. Paul Methuen, Esq., backed Cribb for 300 guineas, whilst Gregson had for patron the Marquis of Sweeddale.

(To be continued.)

"So you presided at the head of the table, eh?"

"Yes."

"You enjoyed the occasion, did you?"

"Well, I had to carve a goose and simultaneously entertain two spinsters on either side, who don't speak, in such a way as not to unite them in conversation."

JAMES L. McCUSKER.

The American Champion Swimmer, who is here to Meet Joey Nuttall.

(With Portrait.)

James L. McCusker, American champion swimmer, now in this country, is a resident of Lowell, Massachusetts, where he first attained prominence as an athlete. He has won innumerable races, and is conceded to be the best swimmer in America. He was defeated last year by Joey Nuttall, and many of his supporters displayed their disappointment by declaring that McCusker was a non-tryer. He has returned here in order to meet Joey Nuttall in September, when he hopes to win the honours as swimming champion of the world.

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

A young man in London was so much given to exaggerated expression that his friends found it necessary to remonstrate.

"Think before you speak," said one of them. "That's the only way to do it." And several friends who were near endorsed the advice.

"But that takes time," he pleaded. "I never misrepresent anything that is really important, you know."

"It doesn't make any difference. You are making a mistake. You are getting a reputation which is hurtful to you socially and in a business way."

"What'll I do?"

"Never say anything you are not absolutely sure of."

"Well, I'll try it."

It was some days after, when they met on the street. Both were in a streaming perspiration, and the friend of the imaginative man remarked:

"Hot; isn't it?"

The only reply was a look of earnest reflection.

"I say it's mighty hot."

The young man reached around into his coat-tail pocket, drew out a thermometer, and, after gravely inspecting it, said:

"Eighty degrees in the shade. Yes, I think I am justified in replying to you, as I have to several other people to-day, that the heat is very intense, although nothing extraordinary for this time of year."

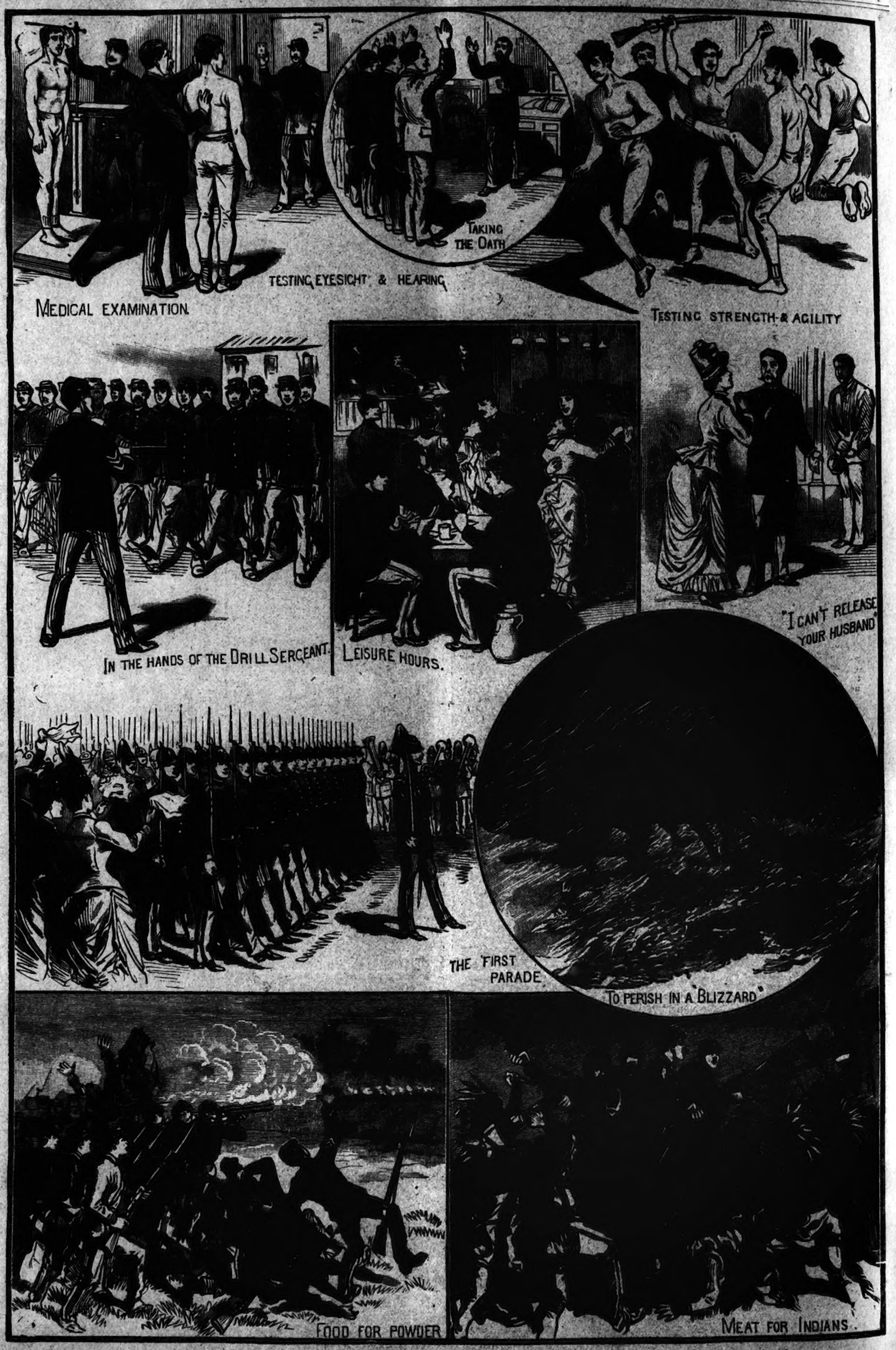
GAMBLING ON THE CONTINENT.

It is reported that a complaint was filed at Brussels with the Procureur du Roi against the Cercle Privé, at the Kursaal, Ostend, where it is alleged that, in defiance of the law, roulette and trente et quarante are being played for high stakes. It will be remembered that the year before last this same club was suddenly "pulled" by the police in consequence of a complaint made by an English gentleman, and all the gambling paraphernalia in the place was seized, although it was subsequently returned by the police. Last season there was, in consequence, no recognised gambling in Ostend at all, but this year the "club" has blossomed forth with new life, and although admission is denied to others than persons who have gone through a regulation form of becoming members and paying a nominal entrance fee of 20f., the game is reported to be running as high as at Monte Carlo, and a young Englishman is known to have lost at the trente et quarante game nearly 200,000f. last week.

His Majesty the King of the Belgians is known to be personally antagonistic to the growing disposition of the local authorities to convert Ostend into a Northern Monte Carlo. Most persons associate all mention of gambling on the Continent with Monte Carlo. Since a great gambling syndicate has been trying to get a hold in the little neutralised Duchy of Luxembourg, however, an interesting list of Continental casinos and their winnings has been published by the German newspapers. This list is intended to show that the Continent has already too many gambling hells, and that the Grand Duke of Luxembourg should persist in declining the syndicate's offer to pay most of his Government's expenses in exchange for the privilege of operating their roulette wheels in the shadow of his throne.

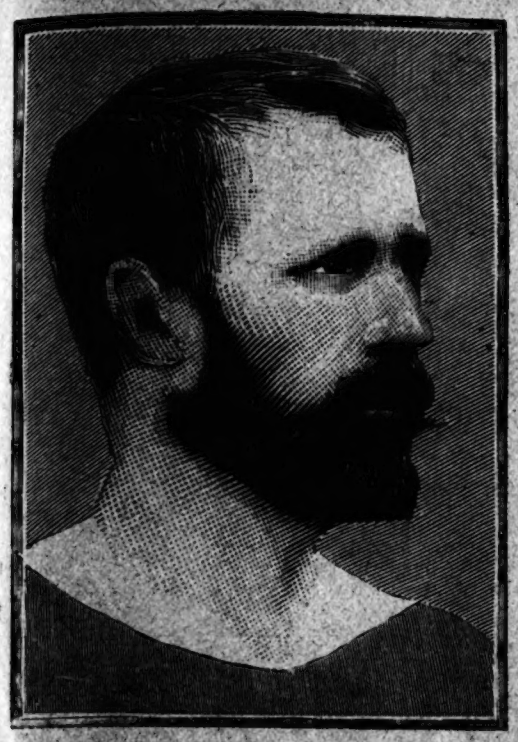
Here is the list: Dunkirk Casino, winnings in 1893, 300,000fr; Boulogne Casino, 800,000fr; Trouville Casino, 450,000fr; Trouville, Hotel Eden, 150,000fr; Dieppe Casino, 200,000fr; Coburg Casino, 880,000fr; Fécamp Casino, 100,000fr; Havre Casino, 200,000fr; Havre, Hotel Frascati, 150,000fr; Tréport City Casino, 50,000fr; Berck Casino, 150,000fr; Olonne Casino, 100,000fr; Rozan Casino, 100,000fr; several Arcachon houses, 100,000fr; Biarritz Casino, 1,000,000fr; Castle Biarritz, 150,000fr; Luchon Casino, 400,000fr; Palavas Casino, 200,000fr; Aix les Bains Casino, 120,000fr; Vichy Casino, 50,000fr; Vichy International Hotel, 600,000fr; Vichy Eden, 350,000fr; Vichy Alcazar, 50,000fr; Vichy Restaurant, 30,000fr; Rogat Casino, 600,000fr.

Outside of Monaco the gambling hells on the Continent are known to profit some 10,000,000 francs annually, exclusive of all expenses. With the Monaco Casino, the gambling syndicates of the Continent make a net profit of 25,000,000fr or more every year.



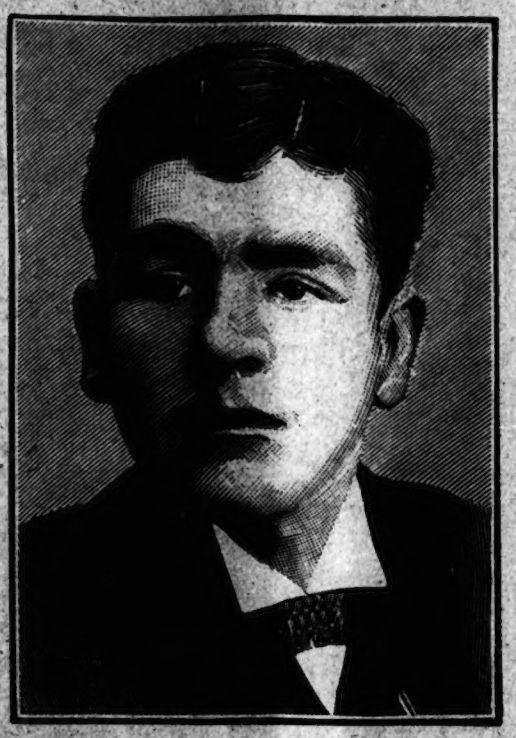
THE SOLDIER IN AMERICA.

His Lot not a very Happy One.



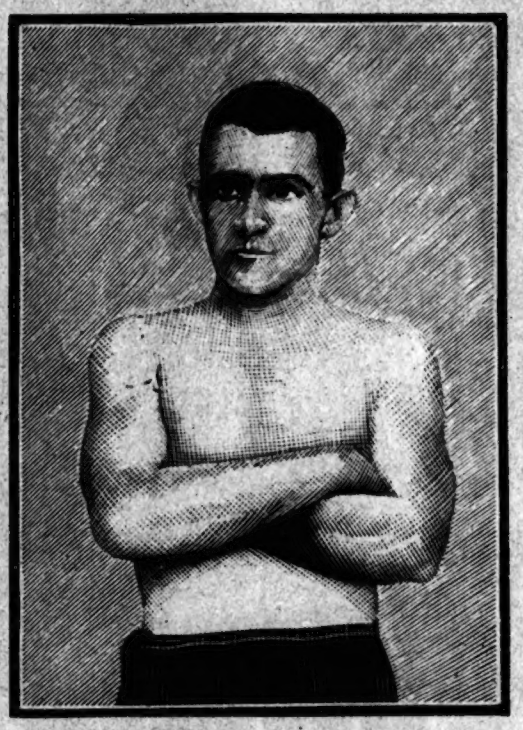
ARTHUR FLAUNTY.

A Veteran Distance Runner of Woolwich who has a Good Record.



GEORGE WRIGHT OF RATCLIFF.

A Speedy Runner who has Won Several Handicaps.



JAMES L. McCUSKER.

The American Champion Swimmer, who is here to Meet Joey Nuttall.

LADIES WHO ENJOY ATHLETICS.

Gymnasiums Established for the Fair Sex Find Liberal Patronage.

TURF NOTES.

STOCKTON, HURST PARK.

NOTTINGHAM AND COLWICK PARK.

THE LEGER OUTSIDER.

WEEK'S FINALS.

At Wolverhampton, on Monday, the week's sport was begun and bids fair to be well supported; each succeeding day will give those who care for particular meetings a choice, for not only will racing be carried on at the above meeting, but on Tuesday Stockton also will be found on the programme, and will occupy attention for the three days, clashing with Hurst Park on Wednesday and Thursday, when the forces will join at Nottingham on Friday and Saturday. The Nottinghamshire Handicap will be the chief event, and fitly close a busy week.

Nothing of any importance is to be chronicled with regard to the Leger. Ladas is undergoing a steady preparation, and the extra spin on Saturday last was with a view, no doubt, to test his present stamina. Mathew Dawson's charge acquitted himself in a satisfactory manner. Son o' Mine will be among those who will be there at the fall of the flag, and a quiet intimation reaches me that he will not be far off whatever wins. For a situation I may point out he is a much better investment than supporting the favourite at the present odds offered. This son of Isonomy and Alibeck, it must be remembered, ran Matchbox to a neck at Kempton Park last October, his first appearance before the public, when he had behind him such good horses as Sir Jacob, Royal Victoria, Priestholme, Throstle, with nine others, so that if in the same fettle, or slightly improved, must figure with a great chance for the Leger. All things considered is at the price the best outsider to trust.

At the Stockton Meeting to-day, the chief item on a good card is the Great Northern Leger, where Chin Chin may find the opposition much stronger than at Redcar; still, those he will be called upon to oppose have no first-class credentials or pretentions to be considered above himself, and with the same weight to carry now as then, must be held in great respect. If Scenery should enter the lists this filly may do better than she did in the Foal Stakes on the concluding day, when she ran third to Poet's Corner and St. Aidan; besides, Queen of the Mint is another that may get the distance. The two-year-olds will have their spin in the Hardwicke Stakes, and Keelson, a recent winner, will meet that good colt, Jim Selby who at the weight may hold him safely. Matthews has Auroscope Lychnoscope, Desert Chat, Lamb's-fry, and Meadow Chat to select from, and information to hand says the last-named will be the trusted one, where being in receipt of 22lb has a decided advantage with the top-weights. In making a selection this one has such a good look in that he must not be allowed to run loose. Clerical Error, Tarpeia, and Seaholme have a taking appearance in the Lambton Stakes, and one of them should be returned at the head of affairs. For the Wilton Welter, Repay or Prince Hal; the first for choice, because the mile will be to his liking, and although Pot Luck is entered and appears to hold a chance second to none, the stable may rely on Castlerosse, whose claims should not be ignored if chosen in preference to his stable companion. Street Singer may cry content, but Miss Stratford will be one to be reckoned with. Aptitude or Lady Wickham are the best to indicate for the Mandale Selling Plate. If not the most valuable, the interest will be very keen in the Stewards' Handicap on Thursday, for which Queen of Navarre, who has previously been successful over this course, and with Dendoscope and Heremon may form the leading trio, and only in her absence would I advocate the claims of Mr. Vyner's colt.

For the Middlesborough Handicap, the speed already shown by Inferno may again enable him to land this event; on the last occasion he defeated eight good animals at the worst of the weights, and with only 3lb more now holds an undeniable chance, even should he earn a penalty in the Norton Handicap he will not be out of it, and looks a real pinch on paper, which prospect he will I think carry out. Son o' Mine, if pulled out for the Zetland Plate, will be attended by Poets Corner, who in the absence of the first named, will add this to his Foal Stakes victory, his most dangerous opponents may appear in Aumbry and Mint Essence.

The Metropolitan division will be well catered for at Hurst Park. In the Stewards' Handicap Floss or Joyful may account for it, and the two miles journey in the Sheen Handicap Barmecide, Glengall and Spindle Leg may be the best to follow. The first-named keeps pegging along, and the distance will be no trouble, therefore he may be relied upon to finish in the front rank. The same remark applies to Hombre in the Hounslow Welter, where, in a small field, Merry Scot looks next best. The Mile Plate I leave to Koodoo, who, since he left Jewett's stable, has been doing good work, and with Uncle Joe as his runner up. In the August Handicap El Gaucho, Good Lad and Tours may be seen out on Thursday. That evergreen Warrior, The Rejected, can can hardly be expected to get home with 10st 4lb, and youth will tell in favour of those mentioned. The Hampton Plate should be won by Toffy, who was my selected last week when successful, and will again be the chosen one; but if defeat should occur it will be by the aid of Camiole. Zigeunerin and Judy I like in the Feather Plate, where some talented youngster yet unknown may have the leg up on the winner. Ejector, Exciseman, and Moonflower may finish in this order for the Vauxhall Handicap.

On Friday, at Nottingham, Break of Day, who last time at this meeting carried 2lb overweight and won, may do so again in the Welbeck Abbey Stakes; Lindrick and Conacher to follow him home.

Shancrotha, who is called upon to give nearly 3st to one of his own age in the Bestwood Stakes, may be found to be absent on the day, and Border Chief, who at Gatwick, Newmarket, and Lewes last year caught the judge's eye first on each occasion of his venture, and may play a prominent part in this event. Platter and Worldly Wise should attend him home. The entries in the Little John Plate contain some good youngsters, Bonspiel, Aberdeen II., Dorothy Draggletail, Powerscourt, and Margaret Branksome are a good half-dozen from which the winner may spring, and the latter, who has won over this course, I shall couple with Aberdeen II. to anticipate the verdict. On Saturday the 1,000 sovs will keep the opposition on the ground in the Handicap, and St. David, who in the matter of weight is coming back to his horses, is afforded the opportunity to effect a win. Dumbarton's double victory last back end shows what chance this son of Barcaldine and Springfield possesses, and this pair will have a worthy poponent in Macready, to whom the remaining situation may fall. The selections for the week may result as under:—

Stockton.

WEDNESDAY.

The Mandale Selling Plate,
Aptitude.

The Hardwicke Stakes,
Meadow Chat.

The Great Northern Leger,
Chin Chin 1
Scenery 2
Queen of the Mint ... 3

The Wilton Welter,
Repay.

The Lambton Stakes,
Clerical Error.

The Norton Handicap,
Inferno or **Sparkenhoe.**

Hurst Park.

The Stewards' Handicap,
Floss.

The Sheen Handicap,
Barmecide 1
Glengall 2
Spindle Leg 3

The Hounslow Welter,
Hombre.

The Mile Plate,
Koodoo or **Uncle Joe.**

The Maiden Plate,
Rabicano.

Stockton.

THURSDAY.

The Stewards' Handicap,
Queen of Navarre ... 1
Dendoscope 2
Heremon 3

The Middlesbrough Handicap,
Inferno.

The Zetland Plate,
Son o' Mine or **Poets' Corner.**

The Elton Juvenile Plate,
Chasseur.

The Billingham Plate,
Huelva.

Hurst Park,

The Feather Plate,
Zigeunerin or **Judy.**

The Hampton Plate,
Toffy.

The August Handicap,
El Gaucho 1
Good Lad 2
Tours 3

The Vauxhall Handicap,
Elector.

The Tower Handicap,
Joyful.

Nottingham.

FRIDAY.

The Bestwood Stakes,
Border Chief.

The Little John Plate,
Aberdeen II.

The Welbeck Abbey Stakes,
Break of Day ... 1
Lindrick 2
Conachar 3

The Rufford Abbey Plate,
Margetta.

SATURDAY.

Elvaston Castle Plate,
Calamitac.

The Robin Hood Plate,
Red Light.

The Nottinghamshire Handicap,
St. David 1
Dumbarton 2
Macready 3

The Portland Plate,
Birk.

CHALK.

"BRITANNIA'S" SAILING MASTER.

Captain John Carter.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may well feel proud of the manner in which Captain John Carter has handled the *Britannia* in her sailing races against the *Vigilant*. Several of the victories have been the result of superior seamanship, a fact acknowledged by all British yachtsmen.

THE SHAVING COMPETITION.

The trophy to be given by The Mirror of Life for a competition at rapid shaving has been completed, and can be seen at The Mirror of Life office at 108, Fleet Street, E.C. It was manufactured by Mr. George Kenning, of Aldersgate Street, and reflects great credit upon his taste and workmanship to produce such a handsome emblem. It is of solid gold, being 5½in in length and 2¼in in width. The bar has set upon the top a rose, shamrock and thistle, and directly under it The Mirror of Life in blue enamel letters. Attached to the gold chain, which runs from the bar to the drop-piece, is a fac-simile of a razor. The medal is a Maltese cross, and in the centre is a silver cup and brush handle. Around the cup is inscribed, "World's Champion at Rapid Shaving," in blue enamel with scroll work in relief. The prize weighs three ounces, and the man who secures it as personal property can consider himself the possessor of the handsomest trophy ever offered for competition.

The guaranteed entries up to date include James Rymar, the Mile End marvel; Peter Moss, of Camberwell Road, S.E.; and Thomas Steele, of Bethnal Green. It is probable that William Lloyd will figure as a contestant when the time and place of contest is decided upon. He favours the Royal Aquarium, as does Mr. Moss, as a place to have the match occur, and a representative of the men will endeavour to make arrangements accordingly.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

Perhaps it might be better for Mr. Smith if he were more observant, or possibly more something else. The other morning when he started down town his wife gave him an important letter to mail, and when he returned in the evening it was in his pocket.

"Henry," inquired his wife, just as he had settled himself comfortably, "did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?"

"You don't suppose, love, that I would carry it around with me, do you?" he replied as palaveringly as he knew how.

"I don't suppose anything else," she said suspiciously; "where did you mail it?"

"Right round the corner in that box, love; I did it at once, dear, so I would be sure not to forget it."

She jumped up suddenly.

"Henry Smith," she exclaimed, "give me that letter. They moved that box around on the far side of the square a month ago."

And Mr. Smith swore softly at the post-office authorities.

BOUND TO BE HEARD.

Police magistrate has probably never been more bewildered than was Mr. Bushby at Worship Street, on August 18, when all the women in his court endeavoured to explain at one and the same moment the merits of a dispute of a distinctly domestic character which had culminated in Elizabeth North being charged with striking her sister, Sarah Boxer, on the head with a brick. It all began in this way. Mrs. Boxer, being told that Mrs. North was going to murder her, very naturally waited upon that lady "to know what she meant by it," and in the course of the conversation that followed crockery, household furniture, and bricks were used extensively for punctuating purposes. While the story was being told to the magistrate both principals exhibited their scars, the one removing her hat to show the surgical bandages by which her skull was held together, the other unceremoniously taking down her back-hair in proof that half of it had been torn out. So exciting was the narrative to two women at the back of the court that they felt themselves constrained to join in the prevailing confusion of tongues, whereupon Sergeant Connell, with a lamentable depreciation of humour, escorted them without the precincts. The clerk then appealed to the gaoler, and the gaoler appealed to the prisoner, but the tide of Mrs. North's indignation rolled on. Simultaneously another official entreated the usher, and the usher entreated the witnesses, but the volume of their evidence abated not. After this three more women were ejected in order that the magistrate might hear what those remaining had to say; two of the survivors were relegated to a back seat lest they should be tempted to add further to their testimony; and like the voice of a child in a storm, Mr. Bushby's quiet tones were heard addressing the prisoner in these words: "You make such a noise we can't hear what's being said. I wonder you don't deafen your own baby." The lull was but temporary. Another witness was called, and every word she uttered evoked a heated interruption, Mrs. North vehemently insisting that "the lady at the fried-fish shop ought to be called." The magistrate by this time had had enough of an unprecedented controversy, and cut the Gordian knot by binding over both the sisters to keep the peace.

"I must have some gloves," she said ominously, "and a new parasol, and shoes, and a lot of things, including a check for £10."

"Maria," he said, wearily, "it's such bad form to talk shop!"

* * *

Mrs. Quills (at 1 a.m.): "Where have you been until this hour?"

Mr. Quills: "At se office, balanchin my books!"

Mrs. Quills: "Well, I hope they balance better than your feet."

* * *

He: "Has your father been vaccinated yet?"

She: "No. He is going to be to-morrow."

He: "Tell him to have it done on the foot."

* * *

Henpeck: "Do you mean to say that your wife wouldn't open your letters even if she had a chance to?"

Bullion: "Of course not! She used to be my secretary and typewriter."

* * *

Wife (at breakfast): "Will you have some chips, dear?"

Hubby (absent-mindedly): "Yes, gimme ten blue."

Wife: "What did you say?"

Hubby: "I said give me a few, please."

* * *

"Dear me!" said the bore, interrupting the conversation at a few minutes after twelve, "I believe it must be time to go."

"Oh, no; it can't be," said the tired girl, emphatically; "that time won't come around again till to-morrow evening."

HONEST SPORTS.

THE race for the Quarter-Mile Salt Water Championship of England, under Amateur Swimming Association rules, took place in Plymouth Sound, August 15. The competitors were: J. H. Tyers (Manchester), G. B. Smart (Sheerness), T. G. Jones (Plymouth), and J. P. Milton (London). Tyers took the lead from the start, and won by about 25yds from Smart, the others finishing in the order named. Winner's time, 7min 7 2-5sec. The sea was rough. Tyers also won the open 500yds Amateur Race, Smart again being second. A professional race of 750yds was won by S. W. Greasley (Leicester), J. S. Standring (London) being second, and W. Evans (Manchester) third.

* * *

A FEAT at chess is reported from Nuremburg. Herr Walbrodt, the young chess-player who has lately been playing a great match against Dr. Terrasch, played fifty-one games simultaneously, and of these he won forty-two, lost five, and drew four. Great interest was taken in the contest, and Herr Walbrodt's exceptional success procured him a hearty ovation from the spectators.

* * *

AT the High Beech Cycling track J. Green won the Comet Cycling Club's Ten Miles Championship in the fast time of 24min 44 4-5sec, H. Howard being second, about 100 yards behind, and T. S. Ludford some distance off third. Green rode magnificent, all his times from five miles (in 12min 34 3-5sec) to ten miles, inclusive, being bests on record for the county of Essex. The previous best for ten miles was 25min 39 2-5sec, by Green.

* * *

IN aid of the Bristol Lifeboat Fund, Miss Minna Wookey, lady amateur champion 1894-5-6, and holder of the ladies' 100 yards world's record, performed a marvellous feat in the New Cut, Bristol, on August 14, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Starting from the Gaol Ferry she swam one mile with hands and feet securely tied—a feat never before performed by a lady. The weather was cold, and a strong wind blew against her, raising the water into rough choppy waves, which broke with considerable force on her head and face. Swimming alternately on the breast, back, and side, she accomplished the distance in 26min 19sec.

* * *

HARRY C. TYLER, at Waltham, Mass., U.S.A., recently eclipsed the mile record for riding a bicycle, with flying start. He covered the distance in the remarkable time of 1min 58 4-5sec. He was paced by teams on tandems.

* * *

THE Metropolitan Police Sports occurred at Stamford Hill, Aug. 16, when sixteen events were decided, despite a steady downpour of rain. The most important item was the Five Miles Cycling Championship. This was won by Police-constable Simmons, in 16min 47 2-5sec, Police-constable Chandler being second, 15 yards behind, and Police-constable Lissell third. Chandler, who is the club's hon. sec., also won the Three Miles Bicycle Handicap, with 250 yards start, in 9min exactly, and finished second, with 30 yards start, to Police-constable Spackman, 120 yards start, the latter's time being 5min 17sec. The Two Miles Bicycle Handicap for honorary members was won by G. A. Nelson (twelve hours' tandem record holder) from scratch in 5min 52 sec.

* * *

At the St. George's Baths, Buckingham Palace Road, Aug. 16, the Otter S.C. and the Manchester Osborne S.C. met to play off their tie in the third round of the water polo championship. The Manchester team, which included Tyers, the amateur champion of England at all distances, gained a ridiculously easy victory by nine goals to one.

* * *

OWING to the limited number of entries the Thames National Regatta was confined to one day's proceedings. The fixture occurred on the Thames at Putney, August 16. The interest was centered in the single scull race, for which Harding, Bubear, and Sam Emmett had entered. It proved to be a grand struggle for half of the journey, Bubear holding lead, but Harding gradually rowed him down, and won with a bit to spare.

The results were as follows:—

Apprentices' Sculls, for Coat, Badge, Freedom, and £5 presented by the London R.C.—Final heat (course, Hammersmith to Putney): J. T. Phelps, jun., Putney, 1; A. G. Kennington, Brentford, 2; A. J. Carter, Greenwich, 3; J. West, Pimlico, 0. The latter gave way up at the Thames Boathouse. From there to the finish it was a race struggle between Phelps and Kennington, the former winning by a length in 9min. 20sec.

Limited Sculls (for men who have never competed for £50 a side).—Course, Hammersmith to Putney. First prize, £25. Final heat: W. A. Barry, Wandsworth, 1; Mo. Gibson, Putney, 2. Barry paddled home an easy winner. No time taken.

Open Sculls.—First prize £50. Course, Putney to Hammersmith. Surrey station: C. R. Harding, Wandsworth, 1; Centre: Geo. Bubear, Putney, 2; Middlesex: Sam Emmett, Wandsworth, 3. Bubear, rowing the faster stroke, went away with the lead, and at the Thames Boathouse was half a length to the good; by the mile post Harding, however, had drawn level, and afterwards rowing grandly he won by three lengths, Bubear being about a length in front of Emmett. Time, 9min 15sec.

Non-Coxswain Four Oars.—First prize, £100. Course, Chiswick Eyot to Putney. Centre Station—Sons of the Thames: W. A. Barry, W. Haines, Geo. Bubear, and S. J. Wingate (stroke), 1; Middlesex Station—Surrey United R. C.: H. Phillips, Sam Emmett, A. Burnett, and J. Hall (stroke), 2; Surrey Station—Brothers George, Joe, Tom, and Mo Gibson, Putney, 0. From the start there was only one lot in it. Bubear's crew at Hammersmith were three lengths to the good, and they afterwards paddled home easy winners. A mile from home a desperate race took place between Surrey United and Gibson's lot, the latter giving up dead beat 200 yards from home. Time of winners, 12min 19sec.

Pair Oars.—First prize, £20. Course, Hammersmith to Putney. S. J. Wingate and W. Haines (stroke), 1; Joe and Tom Gibson (stroke), 2; H. Follett and W. G. East, absent. This was simply a procession from the start, Haines and partner winning any anyhow in 9min 30sec.

* * *

AT a professional cycling meeting held at Leicester, Aug. 16, A. A. Zimmerman secured first in the five miles race in the fast time of 11min 51 1-5sec.

* * *

MR. PETER MOSS, of Camberwell Road, S.E., called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE Office, August 17, to ascertain what had become of all the aspirants to the championship at rapid and clean shaving. "They were fairly boiling over for a match," says Moss, "and now that I have come forward to dispute the claims of some of those who profess to be adepts at the game, they have all dropped out of existence, to all appearance. I hope Rymer, the Mile End marvel, and Thomas Steele will shortly consent to a day and a place to decide the ownership of THE MIRROR OF LIFE Trophy. The Royal Aquarium will suit me as a location. All I want is for the men who think they can defeat me to name a time when the contest shall occur. I will take on Rymer, Lloyd, or Steele, single-handed, or else be content to meet and defeat them in a competition."

* * *

MR. PERCY LITCHFIELD has been granted permission by N. C. U. to have decided a twelve hours' cycle race at Putney, August 23. All the prominent amateurs have consented to compete, and it is expected that the record will be lowered by more than one of the competitors. The net proceeds of admission will be given to the Royal Hospital of Putney for Incurables.

GEORGE WRIGHT OF RATCLIFF.

A Speedy Runner who has Won Several Handicaps.

GEORGE WRIGHT, of Ratcliff, bids fair to become an even-timer at short distances. His latest achievement was the winning of first prize in the 120 yards handicap, for £8 in prizes, at Alexandra Palace, Bank Holiday. Wright contested a mixed match with Tom Smith, of Shadwell, the conditions being to run 150 yards, contest a long jump, and box the best of six rounds, for £10. Wright won the run and the broad jump and the match, not being called upon to decide the boxing bout. He is a useful lad on the cinder-path, and, with careful training, would show a good turn of speed.

THE SOLDIER IN AMERICA.

His Lot not a very Happy One.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ARMY regulations in the United States are pretty much the same as they are in this country, excepting that soldiers are not so thoroughly drilled. At the recuiting offices the applicants are sworn in and then have to undergo a medical examination to see that they are of perfect physique. Strength, agility, eyesight, and the hearing are given a careful test, and then those who pass are placed in the hands of the drill sergeant. Occasionally men are enlisted who join the army to break from their family ties, and in such cases the soldier invariably repents his bargain. Though his wife may plead for his release, it is never granted. During leisure hours, the soldiers will devote time to card playing or other amusements to kill time. After the novelty of the first parade wears off the soldier longs for his liberty, and particularly if he is caught in a blizzard in the western country. The inexperienced ones make good food for powder if they are called upon to quell a riot, or any outbreak, and when there is an uprising amongst the red men they are "meat for the Indians." All in all, a soldier's life in the States, and specially out on the frontier, is not particularly a happy one. One term of five years will always satisfy their desires to fight for the Stars and Stripes.

— THAT John Howley will be matched to fight George Crisp again at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

— That Chappie Moran contemplates engaging in business at Sheffield, and will not engage in a boxing contest for some time to come.

— That Bob Habbijam is recovering from his illness, and is now resting at Brighton.

— That Morris Cronin, the club manipulator, is filling an engagement at Vienna.

— That Nick Cox, the veteran runner, challenges any man in the world over forty-six years of age to a race of from three to ten miles.

— That Sam Emmett, of Wandsworth, and T. Campbell, of Walker, are to scull from Putney to Mortlake, on September 17 for £200.

— That Edward Fox, of Putney, and Charles Wynne, of Barnes, will row over the Thames Championship Course the first Monday in September to decide the ownership of a £20 cup and a wager of £20.

— That next week's issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE will contain an excellent portrait of John O'Brien, the Welsh middle-weight, who is matched to fight Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, in October.

— That at the Wellington grounds, Bury, Peter Malone vanquished Patrick Arthur in a Lancashire wrestling contest for £10 a side.

— That Dave Godwin and Charley Brightwell are to row on the Thames from The Ship at Mortlake to Putney Bridge Sept. 3, for £20.

— That Arthur Valentine wants the New Orleans Club to offer a purse for him to fight Stanton Abbott in the autumn.

— That Stanton Abbott declines to fight a coloured pugilist.

— That Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, was recently whipped in eight rounds with small gloves in New York City by Kid Gleason for a purse of £30.

— That A. A. Zimmerman will realise close upon £10,000 out of the bicycle races he has taken part in this season.

— That Zimmerman contemplates taking to the stage next season, and will appear in a four act comedy, containing a race track scene as a feature.

— That Harry Overton, Birmingham, and Tom Wooley, of Walsall, are to meet in a glove contest in the Midlands.

— That Mr. William J. Dent, of South Shields, has been appointed sole architect to the "Northern Music Hall and Theatre Syndicate."

— That the theatrical agency business is a trifle disturbed, and many interesting facts will be developed in the appeal case of Didcott v. Storey.

— That Mr. W. Dent, jun., of South Shields, brother of the architect to the "Northern Music Hall and Theatrical Syndicate," has succeeded in winning the North Riding professional shield, and feels justly proud of his victory.

— That every lover of boxing in the United Kingdom will appreciate our double page of portraits of famous people.

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE was entirely out of print last week.

— That the inauguration of boxing competitions in the British Army was a wise move, and Col. Fox is entitled to the credit of bringing it into popularity.

— That the patronage of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, and His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, to the Aldershot boxing competitions was due to the efforts of Col. Fox, and every pugilist in the kingdom should sing praises to his name.

— That when you really wish to obtain real live sporting news read THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

— That James J. Corbett displays ignorance when he speaks so ill of our country and our people.

— That the English sportsmen fully appreciated the efforts of THE MIRROR OF LIFE in exposing Manager Brady's false statements in our last issue.

— That this issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE surpasses anything ever attempted in the shape of an illustrated sporting journal.

SMUGGLING CHINAMEN INTO THE STATES.

How the Yellow Exiles beat the Geary Act in America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ACCORDING to the Geary Act, Chinamen are debarred from entering the United States, and those who return to the Flowery Kingdom for a visit are prohibited from again re-entering the States. The Chinese are an odious set in America, and every move is made to drive that element out. Since the passage of the Geary Act high prices have been paid by the Chinese to smuggle them within the border. Quite a smuggling game has been unearthed in the extreme north-west end of Washington territory, where a band of smugglers have been reaping a golden harvest by taking the exiles off steamships under the cover of darkness near the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The Chinamen were captured and returned to China, whilst those doing the contraband business were placed under arrest.

A NOVEL TUB RACE IN AMERICA.

Ladies Compete for a Box of Gloves in an Event of a Highly Amusing Character.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"VISITORS to Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Massachusetts, were treated to a novel event the other day," writes a correspondent. "Two society ladies indulged in a tub race for a box of gloves, the conditions being that both should have the advantage of three swans to draw the tub through the water, whilst each was allowed the use of a paddle to increase the progress. The men present wagered freely on their choice, and when a start was effected one of the ladies became too anxious in making headway and, losing her balance, she tipped over before a dozen yards had been covered. She again got into her craft, but had lost so much distance that she was badly beaten in the trip from shore to shore.

STRIKERS MOBBED THE POLICE.

The Manner in which the Chicago Police Handled a Gathering of Working Men who were out on a Strike.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SINCE the Federal troops have been withdrawn from Chicago, the strikers have been making themselves obnoxious to the peaceful citizens, and upon one occasion a man was stoned through a leading thoroughfare, because he had sympathised with the capitalists. The police charged upon a mob of the unruly ones the other day, and those who were mounted plied their clubs in a merciless manner upon all who failed to clear out of the way. One of the strikers was shot at by an officer, and had it not been for the timely assistance of the mounted patrolmen, he would have indeed fared rather severely. Many people are under the impression that the strikers in the States have been subdued, but that is not the case. They are gradually recruiting sympathisers, and a fresh outbreak is imminent most any day.

BEATEN BY A GIRL.

Professional Jockeys find a Rival in a Fair Young Lady who knows How to Ride.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"RATHER an interesting race was decided here recently," says a Denver, Colorado, correspondent, "and it caused many a thoroughbred sport to drop his spare money. The spectators were rather taken by surprise when the bell struck for starters in a mile handicap, to find one of the fastest animals walked up to the stand by a young lady. The jockey who was to have ridden the horse was taken quite ill, and rather than have the steed scratched his sweetheart volunteered to pilot the jockey's animal over the course. Odds were laid against the horse, and quietly taken by the young lady's friends, more through sympathy than good judgment. To the consternation of those who are fond of wagering money on a sure thing, the young lady rapidly rode her horse well to the front, securing a lead of several lengths. The gap proved to be too great for the jockeys to close up, and though they all plied the whip and urged their animals to the utmost, the young lady landed home a winner by fully two lengths.

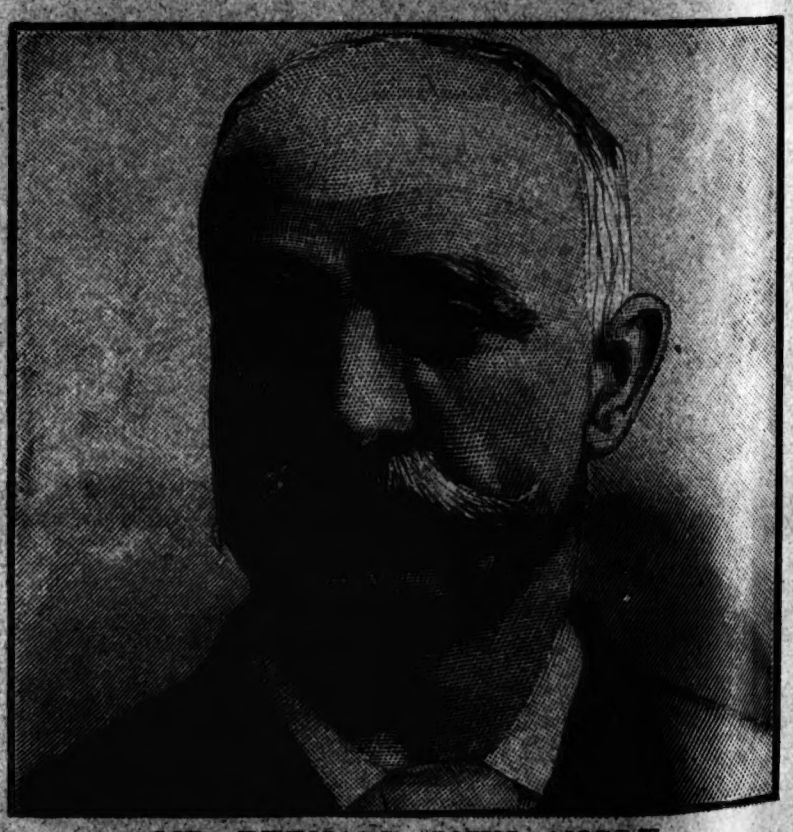
H.R.H THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

COLONEL MALCOLM G. FOX.
Inspector-General of Gymnasiums to the British Army.

CAPTAIN W. JOHNSTON.
1st Royal Irish Regiment, Winner of the Heavy-Weight Competition at Aldershot.

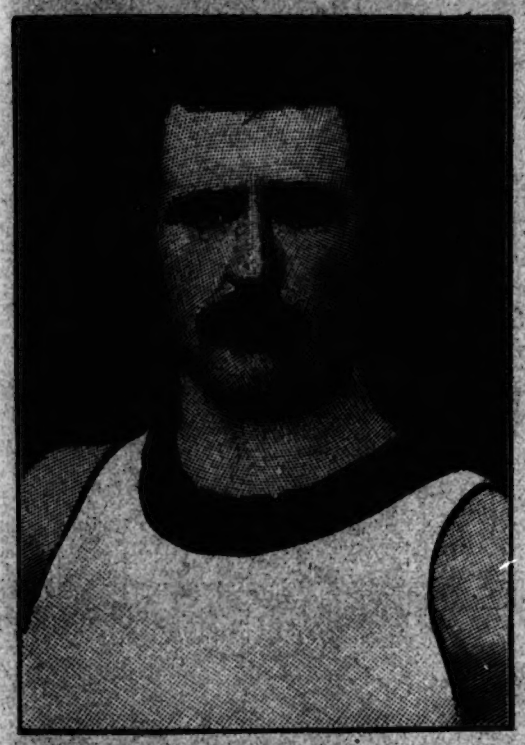
MR. JOHN FLEMING.
The Premier Boxing Sport Manager of Great Britain



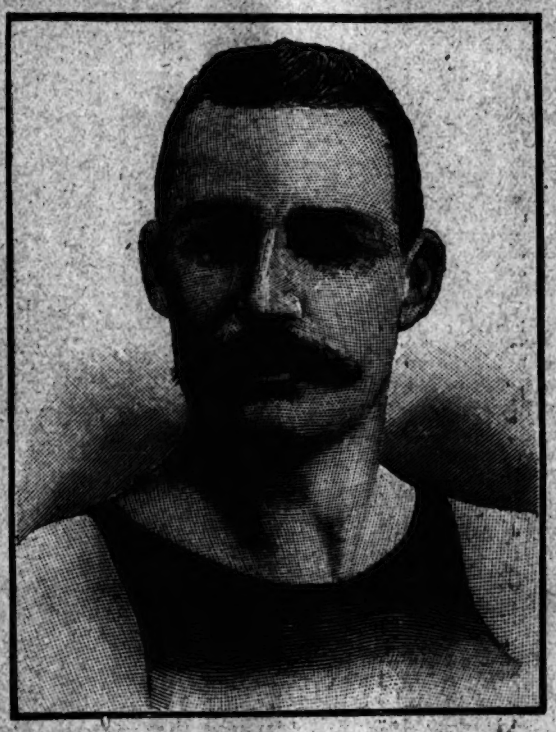
MR. BERNARD JOHN ANGLE.
A London Gentleman who Judged the Aldershot Boxing Contests.

MR. ALBERT FLEMING.
A Rising Young Sportsman Connected with the National Sporting Club.

MR. RICHARD SMITH.
A Gentleman Prominently Identified with Amateur Boxing Sport.



TOM BURROWS.
An Australian All-round Athlete who is a Favourite at Aldershot.



JAKE GAUDAUR.
American Champion Sculler who Challenges Thomas Sullivan to Row on the Thames.

SIR JOHN D. ASTLEY.
An English Sportsman who is Honoured by all Britons.

JERRY DRISCOLL.
Champion Pugilist of the Navy.

TOM WILLIAMS.
A Clever 10st Pugilist who Teaches Boxing at Aldershot.

Army Competitions

Well Contested.

Imperial and Royal

Patronage at Aldershot.

Boxing as Was Boxing.

Matches in the Prospective.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The boxing competitions, open to the British army, have now risen to an institution of considerable importance, and will figure at Aldershot as one of the great events of the year. They were brought to a successful decision at the New Gymnasium, Cranbrook Road, in the great military town, August 13 and 14. The tournament will always figure in history as the first one that ever received Imperial and Royal patronage, and considerable credit is due Col. Fox for projecting such a notable affair. It is due to the efforts of that distinguished gentleman that the manly art has become such a popular feature in the athletic training of the British army. His arrangements were admirable, and the manner in which he had the competitions decided called for the praise of all who attended.

Three competitions confined to officers and three for non-commissioned officers and men comprised the competitive portion of the programme. The light weight division restricted the entries to 10st or less, the middle weight to 11st 4lb and under, and the third for heavy weights. To vary the monotony of the programme, there were exhibition bouts between Jerry Driscoll and Horace King, and Tom Burrows and Tom Williams. Among those who attended on the first day to witness the first round of trial bouts were Sir John D. Astley, General Lord Methuen (Commanding Guards' Brigade), General Sir Baker Russell (Commanding Cavalry Brigade), General Butler (Commanding 1st Brigade), Lord Annerley, Hon. Mr. Cavendish, &c, while the farther end of the building was filled up with the rank and file of a number of regiments. Col. Fox, Inspector-General of Gymnasia, officiated as Master of Ceremonies, with B. J. Angle as referee, John Fleming as timekeeper, and Richard Smith, T. J. McNeill, and Albert Fleming as judges. Lieut. H. Tudor (Royal Artillery) and Capt. E. S. D. Goldschmidt (Welsh Regiment) were the only couple who weighed in to dispute the honours in the light-weight competition for officers, and it proved to be a well-contested bout. Tudor was the more active of the two, and by using his left to good advantage he managed to secure a lead which entitled him to a victory.

The first bout of the officers' middle-weight competition brought together Surgeon-Captain H. E. Deane (Army Medical Staff) and Lieutenant F. C. Quicke (1st King's Dragoon Guards). The latter wanted to hasten matters, and got home with a right-hander that brought Deane down in the opening round. The second and third rounds were well contested. Deane, displaying the superior science, was declared the winner by the referee after the judges had disagreed. Captain F. C. L. Hulton (1st King's Dragoon Guards) was without a competitor and sparred a bye with Tom Burrows.

Captain W. Johnston (1st Royal Irish Regiment) and Captain D. Bremner (Royal Artillery), two remarkably fine specimens of humanity, disputed the trial bout in the heavy-weight division. Johnston was the aggressor, and went at his man in a hurricane fashion. Bremner made an effort to stave off the attack, but was unsuccessful, because before a minute's time had expired in the first round he received a right-hander on the jaw that sent him down. He was unable to continue, and Johnston was given the award.

For the light-weight competition, confined to non-com. officers and men, Private M'Kay (1st West Yorkshire Regiment) disposed of Private Chapman (4th Rifle Brigade); Private Newbyn (Medical Staff Corps) beat Lance-Corporal Tasker (1st Royal Scots); Private Bandfield (2nd Rifle Brigade) beat Private Clayton (2nd Worcestershire Regiment); Private Blackhurst (1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) resigned to Corporal Kempster (2nd Northampton Regiment) in the first round; Drummer Collins (1st Grenadier Guards) won over Private Robinson (2nd Worcestershire Regiment); and Private Sayers (9th Lancers) stopped Private Trotter (2nd Cheshire Regiment) in two rounds.

In the middle weights, Corporal Collins (1st Grenadier Guards) made short work of Private Bannen (1st Grenadier Guards); Private Ham (9th Lancers) shaped up like a full-fledged professional, and readily forced Private Jarvis (1st Grenadier Guards) to retire, whilst Private Lawrence (1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) was roughly handled in a bye by Tom Williams.

Six contested the trial bouts in the non-com. officers heavy-weight division. Private James (1st Grenadier Guards) scored over Sergeant M'Carthy (1st Yorkshire Regiment). Corporal Collins (1st Welsh Regiment) secured the second bout over Private M'Keone; whilst Trooper Collins (2nd Life Guards) disposed of Private Rose (1st Grenadier Guards) in the first round.

The closing day was one long to be remembered in the annals of boxing competitions, because His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany and His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught honoured the occasion by their patronage. The other distinguished personages included General Von Plessen, General Arnim, General Von Lippe, General Von Eulamburg, Major Von Moltke, Colonel Von Kniesbeck, Colonel Tomkinson (Royal Dragoon Guards), Captain Prince Francis of Teck, Captain Carr-Ellison, Lord Bingham, General Marshall, Major Greatorex, Captain Hardman, Admiral Sullivan, Hon. Cavendish, Mr. Compton Roberts, Captain F. C. L. Hulton, and Surgeon-Captain Deane contested the final of the officers' middle-weight competition. They were pretty evenly matched for size, and an interesting three rounds were the result. Hulton did the cleanest and most effective work, and was declared the winner.

The final in the officers heavy weights was between Captain W. Johnston and Captain C. Norbury. The Irish Champion, was by far the better man, and dealt leniently with his opponent in the opening round. Norbury rushed courageously in to do some damaging work during the second round, when Johnston extended himself and fought Norbury to a standstill. The referee stopped the bout and bestowed the honours upon Johnston.

In the non.-com. officers' heavy-weight competition, Corporal Collins and Trooper Oliver contested the final. The three rounds were splendidly fought, and as Collins displayed the greater amount of science he was rewarded with the verdict.

Private Ham met Corporal Collins (1st Grenadier Guards) in the final of the middle-weights, and being much shorter and lighter than his adversary, he was placed at a big disadvantage. He battled gamely, however, but the odds were too great, and in the end Collins was declared victor.

Private Sayers and Corporal Kempster boxed their way through the second round of trials and contested the final. The first two rounds were rather interesting, but in the third Kempster planted a heavy right-hander on the jaw, which won him the competition.

When the distinguished visitors were seated, Colonel Fox had some exhibition boxing turned on for their edification. Mr. Horace King (amateur heavy-weight champion) and Jerry Driscoll (champion of the Navy) were the first couple to illustrate their skill, and a grand display of give-and-take work resulted in a perfect storm of applause being accorded their efforts. Tom Williams (champion light-weight of Australia) and Tom Burrows (the club swinger) next had a merry bout with the gloves, and the Imperial and Royal visitors appeared immensely pleased with both displays, as also were they when Sergeant Major Palmer indulged in a sword bout with Staff Sergeant Henry, and subsequently took Staff Sergeant Foster on with the foils. Colonel Fox displayed one of the gloves used, and His Imperial Majesty and His Royal Highness both examined it with much interest. As they were leaving, Colonel Fox called for three cheers for the Emperor, which were lustily given, and repeated for the Duke of Connaught.

* * *

Tom Williams, the 10st pugilist, who is instructing the manly art at the Aldershot Camp, hankers for a customer, and declares that he will make any concession within reason to bring about a match. "I'm particular about a few pounds," says Williams, but will take on any man in the world at from 10st to 10st 9lb in weight for £200 a-side and the National Sporting Club purse. I have been on the shelf so long now that I am getting uneasy for fear nobody will take me on during the coming season. I prefer to fight here, but if I am unsuccessful in getting a match I shall journey to the States in the autumn to see what I can do there."

* * *

"Tommy Ryan, of Chicago.

is the man I would like to meet above all others," continued Williams, "because he is conceded by the Americans to be the best 10st man in the world. I fancy myself equally as good as he, and will remain of that opinion until Ryan defeats me. If Ryan don't care to meet me in England I'll go to America and fight him providing some reputable club offers a suitable purse. Johnny Boyle, of Glasgow, should come to terms with me, because he professes to be anxious for a fight. Harry Nickless has a great deal do say about what he can do, and, let me say right now, that, so far as Nickless goes, I'll fight him for any sum he names, and will not make any argument about the size of the purse, so long as he consents to a battle in a place where I'm sure to get fair play. Anybody who wants to make a match with me has only to deposit a forfeit with The Mirror of Life, and appoint a day and place of meeting to consummate preliminary arrangements."

* * *

Jack McAuliffe, American light-weight champion, and Young Griffo, the Australian, are to box the best of ten rounds at Coney Island, New York, August 27, for a purse to be given by the Seaside Athletic Club. Both have been training for the event, and an interesting contest is promised.

* * *

Tom Burrows and Tom Williams will promote an athletic tournament at Alexandra Hall, Aldershot, during the second week in September. Trophies will be given for boxing competitions confined to 10st and 11st 4lb men. Prominent professionals will be engaged to appear in exhibition bouts. On the second day Tom Burrows will attempt to lower the record for swinging for endurance a pair of clubs weighing 2lb each. He will begin at six o'clock in the morning, and should he succeed in his undertaking The Mirror of Life will present him with a trophy in recognition of his prowess as a champion endurance club swinger.

* * *

Those connected with the British Army quartered at Portsmouth will be pleased to learn that Captain W. Johnston, who won the heavy-weight competition for officers at Aldershot, has been appointed Inspector of the Portsmouth Gymnasium, and doubtless the manly art will be made a feature in the future.

* * *

Jem Mace, the veteran pugilist, has lost much of his magnetism the last few years, and when it was announced that he should be the recipient of a testimonial at Central Hall, Holborn, August 13, the management enlisted the services of all the boxers possible in hopes of making the affair a success. His efforts, however, were of no avail, because only a small crowd attended to witness an excellent night's sport. There were exhibition bouts between W. King and Bat Mullins; Arthur Valentine and Bill Hatcher; Dick Burge and Harry Nickless; and Mace and Professor Perkins.

The principal event was the deciding of an 8st competition. In the first series of trial bouts Sid Phillips, of Islington, beat Jem Knowles, of Bermondsey; Mat Evans, of Nunhead, beat Bill Bolton, of St. George's; G. Winters, of Rotherhithe, beat T. Pickard, of Hoxton; and A. Buckingham, of Bloomsbury, beat Ginger Elliott. The final bout was between Phillips and Winters. They fought three well-contested rounds, during which Phillips showed to the best advantage, and was given the award.

* * *

There is but little prospect of James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson coming together unless they meet at the National Sporting Club. The black sensibly declines going south of Mason and Dixon's line, and it is impossible to bring the pair together in the northern portion of the United States. England is therefore the only available place. Peter is prepared to come here at any time, but Corbett declines to entertain the proposition. With a view to setting himself right before the Yankees he is falsely representing the National Sporting Club, and at the same time maligning the black, who has proven beyond question that he, and not the wily James, wants fight pure and simple to effectually determine the heavy-weight honours.

* * *

Peter Maher, the Irish giant, is after Corbett with substantial backing, but the latter ignores every proposition the Irishman advances. The New Orleans Club guarantee a purse of 25,000 dollars for "Gentleman Jack" and Bob Fitzsimmons to go to a finish, and now that Bob has attached his name to the articles drafted by the club, Corbett must either consent to a fight or else crawl into a fair-sized hole, and yank the hole in after him, because the Americans won't tolerate such actions.

* * *

The authorities of Chicago, U.S.A., propose to exile all the pugilists who have recently made that city a stamping ground. Solly Smith and Jack Flaherty were the first pair taken into camp, and on being brought into court a charge of vagrancy was lodged against them. They could show no visible means of support or occupation other than following the calling of prize-fighting. The magistrate imposed a fine of 50dols each, suspended on the condition that they left town within twenty-four hours. The pugilists soon disappeared, and they have been followed by many others who want to avoid being arrested.

* * *

Billy McCarthy.

Patrons of boxing in this kingdom will doubtless remember Billy McCarthy, the Australian, who visited this country eighteen months ago. He was successful in several of the jobs he had taken on, and then returned to the States. Though he hails from Australia, he was born in New York City and journeyed to the colonies when a mere lad. During the past five years he has won several important battles, and was only beaten by Jack E. Dempsey, at San Francisco. On September 5, at the Auditorium Club, in New Orleans, he will again try conclusions with Dempsey in a finish fight for a purse of 2,000 dollars. Dempsey is a mere wreck of his former self, though many years younger than McCarthy, who will enter the ring a favourite in the betting.

* * *

Billy Plimmer promoted a two nights sparring entertainment at the St. James's Hall Assembly Rooms, Manchester, August 13 and 14. On the first night the entertainment was of good quality, an 8st 9lb competition being in the bill, in addition to a six-round contest between Bray, of Hulme, and M'Cormick, of Manchester, the latter being much superior in build and strength, and consequently winning comfortably, notwithstanding some rapid and vigorous work by Bray in the last round. The competition resulted as follows:—First round: Bell, Manchester, beat Johnson, Manchester; Jackson, Hulme, beat Brennan, Manchester; Mosedale, Bury, beat Billington, Manchester; Hampson, Manchester, a bye, sparring with E. Wall. The results of the second night were:—8st 2lb Four-Round Contest: J. Jackson, of Manchester, beat J. Mosedale, of Bury, after a good bout. Six-Round Contest: W. Webster, of Manchester, beat A. Batter, of Bolton, after the full number of rounds. Following this a three-round exhibition was given between Billy Plimmer and Chappie Moran, of Sheffield.

* * *

Billy Plimmer, the clever 8st pugilist, has left this country for America, and will join a theatrical company organised of specialty artists to make a tour of the States.

* * *

J. Wall, of Newcastle, and T. Robson, of Gateshead, were contestants in a fifteen round contest, with four-ounce gloves, at Sutherland's Saloon, Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 13, the prize being a purse of £15. Wall, having a decided advantage in height and weight, secured a lead in the opening round, and in the second fought in a most determined fashion, Robson more than holding his own when at close quarters. Wall landed his right twice in succession

at the outset of the third round, and following up this advantage, he punished Robson most severely with both hands, and the last-named was only saved from a knock-out by the call of time. When time was called for the fourth round it was apparent that the rest had done Robson a great amount of good, for he came forward in the gamest of manners. He rushed the work, but it soon became evident that he had shot his bolt. Wall, who was strong, went for his man, and, using both hands most effectively, disposed of the Gateshead youth within a minute, the latter crying content.

* * *

Jem Gough and Neil Dockery are to engage in a twenty-round glove contest at Birmingham in September for a stake of £10 a side, and an added purse of £15. The men are to weigh not to exceed 8st 4lb each the day of the battle.

* * *

Bill Broadhurst and Dick Bronnet will box the best of six rounds at Birmingham shortly for a purse.

* * *

Ted White has been engaged as instructor of boxing to the Camden Gymnastic Club at Walthamstow. The club will have its formal opening September 3, when Ted Ware and Tom Ireland will box the best of ten rounds for a purse of £10.

* * *

Frank Slavin promoted a boxing tournament at Ginnett's Circus, in Belfast, August 11. The principal event was to have been a ten-round battle between Jem Young, of London, and Joe Craig, of Belfast, for a purse, but Young set about the local man in such a lively fashion that he knocked him clean out of time when but fifteen seconds of the second round had expired. Burke, of Belfast, won an 8st 7lb competition by disposing of McCune in the final bout; and a 9st 7lb competition was secured by Lynch, of Dublin, over McKeown, of Belfast.

* * *

At the Bermondsey School of Arms, August 11, the final bouts of two competitions were brought to a decision. In the 6st 6lb event, Harry Littlefield disposed of young Palmer. The heavy-weight competition was captured by Jem Gale, who managed to land a knock-out blow on George Stevens in the latter end of the second round.

* * *

Coddy Meddings, an old-time pugilist, who was recently assaulted and stabbed in the East End, and has only just been discharged from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was tendered a successful benefit at the Alma Music Hall, New North Road, August 14, when an excellent series of exhibition bouts were boxed.

* * *

Ginger Stewart and Dummy Winters will be contestants in a twenty-round glove contest for a purse of £25, to be decided shortly.

* * *

An 8st 2lb competition for £50 in prizes will be decided at Newmarket, September 24 and 25.

* * *

Tom West, a well-known sportsman of Newport, Mon., died the other day. The deceased was a native of Bristol and about seventy years of age. As a trainer he has brought out such men as Peter Millard, Jemmy Williams, Bill Bawney, and Jemmy Mars, who was at that time one of Jem Mace's novices, and one of the cleverest lads of his day. Later in life, when the ring had lost some of its hold on the public, old Tom turned his attention to the training of athletes, an occupation followed with considerable success until a few years ago. Among other noted men he handled Dan Meredith and Nick Cox, the ten miles pedestrian and champion of the West.

* * *

It is hardly probable that Ted Pritchard and Dick Burge will meet in the proposed ten-round boxing contest, because the friends of Burge consider that the odds would be too great against their favourite, and have advised him not to undertake a job with any man above 10st in weight.

READ THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Those who desire to keep posted on matters appertaining to sporting should not fail to read the Mirror of Life weekly, It shall contain from week to week portraits of people prominent in all branches of sporting, a thorough review of boxing, pedestrianism, aquatics, and gossip of men of olden times. All articles will be just, and bestow credit where credit is due.

The portraits and sketches of stage celebrities of this country and the United States, with occasional gossip of the new features presented at different music-halls throughout the kingdom, will not be the least attractive in the journal.

The utmost care will be taken not to publish in any portion of the paper anything that borders upon lewdness or immorality. Advertisements of a questionable character will not be accepted because they have a tendency to degrade and corrupt. The Mirror of Life is in the field as a thorough illustrated sporting journal, pure and simple, and the encouragement it has received is sufficient to guarantee a success.

ON LAND AND WATER.

Jem Mills and Joe Smith are to run 120 yards, for £10, at Brownhills, September 3.

* * *

A 110 yards race, for £10 a-side, will be decided between Albert Wilkes and William Pinson, at Chambley Park, Wyrley, August 25.

* * *

At Pontefract County Court, William Train, owner of the noted trotting horse Barnsley, sued George Appleyard, butcher, of Clayton, for £10, money held as stakeholder and judge. Plaintiff bet £10 with Arthur George Elliott and Ben Thcaker, South Kirby, for his horse to trot a mile in 3min. It was 7sec outside that time, so plaintiff wanted to trot again. Defendant, however, paid the money over. Hence the present action, in which the plaintiff was non-suited, with costs.

* * *

A 200 yards race, confined to ladies, for the Swimming Championship of Scotland, was decided at the Glasgow Townhead Baths for the Scottish Association Challenge Cup, and valuable gold and silver medals, resulting in a four yards' victory for Jeannie Veitch (Edinburgh Hibernians) from last year's winner, Mary Livingstone (Glasgow Northern Club), who was eight yards ahead of Jessie McMillan (Greenock Baths). Lizzie Purdon was fourth, followed by Mary Murray and Mary Menzies. Miss Veitch swam the 200 yards in 3min 51sec.

* * *

For the Duke of Edinburgh's Challenge Cup, the annual 12-oared cutters' race was rowed on a straight three miles' course at Palmas Bay, Sardinia, and a gallant struggle was witnessed throughout, on August 9, amid great excitement on board the Fleet, eight ships being represented in the race. With a well-pulled stroke of 36 per minute, H.M.S. *Hood's* crew won by five lengths from the *Hawke*. Half a length astern, *Ramillies* was third, *Trafalgar* fourth, followed by the crews from the *Camperdown*, *Sans pareil*, *Edgar*, and *Rodney*.

* * *

A sculler's regatta was held at Orilla, Ontario, Aug. 7. The two miles singles ended in an easy four lengths victory for Jake Gaudaur, Rogers beating Eddie Durnan fifteen lengths for second place, with Dark, of Fox Island, in the rear.

The professional double scull race between Gaudaur and Rice and Rogers and Durnan resulted in a dead heat. Curran, of Orillia, who was to have been in the boat with Gaudaur, was not in shape, and at the last minute Rice was induced to take his place. There was a great deal of disputing over the decision of the judge at the finish, and the four men decided to divide the money equally.

* * *

On August 18, at Southport, the greatest performances in swimming that the world has seen were recorded, when the Manchester swimmer J. H. Tyers succeeded in not only beating the record for open water but managed to get inside even the bath record. This bath record was made as far back as October, 1881, and stands in the book at 15min 5⅘sec, by Todd, at Newcastle. Few imagined that this record would go, as swimming in a bath and in the open air are very dissimilar. The turns in the bath are of distinct advantage, but in this performance the swimmer had to get round a canvas hoarding, and swim round at the other end. The course was 250yds in extent, and hence they had to travel four times to cover the 1,000yds. The weather during the race was bright, the wind high and strong, and a cross current caused the waves to be very choppy. From an even start Tyers drew away and held a clear lead of a dozen yards at the first turn, and it was at once seen he would not be approached. Still he continued to get away with that sweeping powerful stroke, and left his opponents a long way in the rear, and, at the turn for home, had a commanding lead, and it was known he would lower the existing records if he persevered, which he did, winning by nearly 100 yards. Return: Tyers (time, 15min 2sec), 1; Darbyshire (15min 54sec), 2; Matchetts (17min 19sec), 3; Robinson 19min 35sec), 4; Green (19min 59sec), 5.

* * *

A large crowd attended at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, August 18, when Fred Johnson, of Hackney, boxed four rounds with Tom Ireland, of Mile-end. The bout ended in Johnson's favour. Ginger Elliott, of Hackney, and C. Archer, of Hoxton, met in a six-round contest, and Archer was returned the winner. George Johnson, of Hackney, and Morris Phillips, of Mile-end, also boxed four grand rounds.

* * *

At the Lambeth School of Arms, August 18, "Spider" Giles, of Newton, beat George Meacher, of the same place, in an eight-rounds contest. Giles won after a well-contested affair. Soldier Murray, of Battersea, in a second eight-rounds contest, beat Mack, of Newington.

* * *

W. Renshaw, who at one time was regarded as invincible at lawn tennis, showed his return to form by winning the final round of the Gentlemen's Open Singles at the Devonshire championship meeting at Teignmouth, August 18. He beat H. A. B. Chapman by two sets to love (6—2 and 6—2).

* * *

The team of professional cyclists got together by the Buffalo Club of Paris continued their tour by holding a meeting at Gosforth, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 18. They had an immense reception from about 12,000 spectators. Results:—

Five Miles Scratch Race.—Zimmerman (America), 1; Wheeler (America), 2; Banker (America), 3; Harris (England), 4. The pace was a cracker throughout, and after an exciting finish Zimmerman won by a foot. Time, 11min 54sec.

Five Miles Tandem Race.—Harris (England) and Banker (America), 1; Edwards (England) and Max (Austria), 2; Wheeler (America) and James (Wales), 0. The last-named couple had to give up through a puncture. Harris won by a yard. Time, 12min 31 3-5sec.

Zimmerman subsequently had a cut at the mile record, but failed, though he covered the distance in the marvellous time of 2min 3 3-5sec.

* * *

The annual sports of the National Co-operative Societies occurred at the Crystal Palace, August 18. Two boys' races and a tug-of-war (in which Stratford Co-operative beat Royal Arsenal No. 2 team) were included in the programme. The remaining events resulted thus:—

220yds Handicap: A. Gollan, Royal Arsenal, 14yds start, 1; J. Wade, Bayswater, 18, 2. Won by two yards. Time, 27 4-5sec.

One Mile Running Handicap: W. H. B. Wright, Civil Service Supply, 80yds start, 1; C. Simmonds, Gordon League, 90, 2. Won by 6yds. Time, 5min 35sec.

Quarter of a Mile Handicap: W. Lovett, Army and Navy, 40yds start, 1; W. A. Miller, Railway Clearing House, 38, 2. Won by 2yds. Time, 63 2-5sec.

One Mile Walking Handicap: S. Thompson, Beckton, 80yds start, 1; G. C. Powers, Civil Service Supply, 55, 2. Won by 10yds. Time, 8min 31 1-5sec.

* * *

The long distance contest between Josef Fischer, the cyclist, and Cody, the cowboy, was brought to a close at Munich, August 19, when, in three hours, Fischer covered 214 laps to the horseman's 154. The final result of the three days' racing, during which the riders have been in all seven hours in the saddle, is: Fischer, 258,500 metres (about 160 miles); Cody, 208,962 metres (about 130 miles.

* * *

Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, and Jack Gover, of Edmonton, met in a battle on the turf with the raw rums, London rules, for a purse of £60, at Deauville, France, August 19. Both had been carefully prepared for the encounter, which was of a decidedly spirited character. It was anybody's fight from beginning to end, each receiving severe punishment. After milling 66 rounds in 1 hr and 40min the referee, seeing both beaten to a standstill, deemed it a wise move to order a draw.

* * *

Jimmy Carroll and Andy Bowen met on Aug. 8 in the presence of a large audience in the rooms of the Auditorium Athletic Club at New Orleans, and fought for a purse of 1,500dols, of which the winner was to receive 1,200dols. Both men were in good condition, and each weighed 9st 4lb.

Carroll was knocked down in the first round, and there was some hard fighting in the next three rounds. Nothing was done in the fifth, but in the sixth, seventh, and eighth rounds the fighting was brisk. Bowen was knocked down in the ninth round.

Then up to the fifteenth round the fighting was lively, but from the fifteenth to the twentieth it was tame. From the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth round inclusive there were exchanges of heavy blows. The fight was decided to be a draw.

The Olympic Club officials announced that the fight between Stanton Abbott and Jack Everhardt has been postponed until September 21.

* * *

An effort is being made in Sioux City, Ia., to have the Jackson-Corbett fight take place in that city or in the near vicinity. It was decided to offer a purse of 40,000 dols. for the contest, and that amount was readily pledged by prominent business men and sports. Although there is a law in Iowa which prohibits fighting in that State, it is believed that the contest could be pulled off in either South Dakota or Nebraska, as both these States border on Iowa, only a few miles away. It does look a little premature to offer a purse for a match that has not been made.

* * *

The Olympic Club of New Orleans has arranged for a finish fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Dan Creedon, the Australian. Fitz signed the articles, and agreed to fight Creedon at the Olympic Athletic Club at 11st 4lb for a purse of 5,000 dols on September 26. Although Creedon has not signed the articles, he wired President Scholl that he would do so as soon as they were forwarded to him.

* * *

Stanton Abbott is in training at New Orleans for his battle with Jack Everhardt. He is accompanied by his trainer, John Dunn, and his wife.

* * *

The Thames continues to yield good sport to anglers. In the Windsor waters some fine barbel have been taken, also roach and dace, but chub are shy. The same district has furnished a pike of 8¼lb, and in the Henley reach of the river a specimen of 14lb has been landed. In the upper waters some fine roach are being caught early in the morning and again in the evening, the best results coming from Pangbourne, Cookham, Henley, and Great Marlow, where the Countess of Wilton has captured a barbel of 7lb. Roach, dace, and barbel are affording fair sport at Twickenham, and on August 19 the members of the Anchor and Hope Club were engaged in a punt competition there. The rains maintain the Thames in good condition, though a little more colour is wanted. The tributary Colne is beginning to yield some splendid roach, dace, and chub. Improved sport is reported from the Lea, an angler at Waltham Abbey on August 18 taking 16lb of bream, one of the fish weighing 5lb 7oz.

* * *

One of the most exciting finishes of the season has led to a remarkable position of affairs in the cricket championship. Lancashire on going in at the Oval for the second time had to get 75 to win, and just missed doing it by two runs. The state of the ground helped the Surrey bowlers immensely, but the batsmen had worked the score point by point to 73, when, amid the most intense excitement, Mold, the last man, went in. He nearly ran himself out, and was only saved by the closeness of the match, Lockwood, who had the ball, being afraid to risk an overthrow. Then his companion, Tinsley, was just missed at slip, and the scores were even. Two balls later Mold was caught at the wicket, and the fight was over—a halved match, and for half an hour the crowd surged round the pavilion cheering itself hoarse over the rival teams.

By the match thus concluded Surrey has improved its position in the championship to this extent, that whereas, previously, it had the same number of points as Yorkshire, but with three games to play against the northern county's two, it is now equal with its rival in the number of battles yet to be fought, and at least level in the matter of points. The contingency of a tie, curiously enough, seems to have been overlooked in the arrangement of the championship conditions, and it is thought possible in some quarters that as the result of the draw a half will be added to the score of each side. Surrey has yet to meet Kent and Sussex, while Yorkshire's remaining opponents are Gloucester and Somerset. Not even among the weather prophets is to be found a seer daring enough to say which of the two will win the championship.

* * *

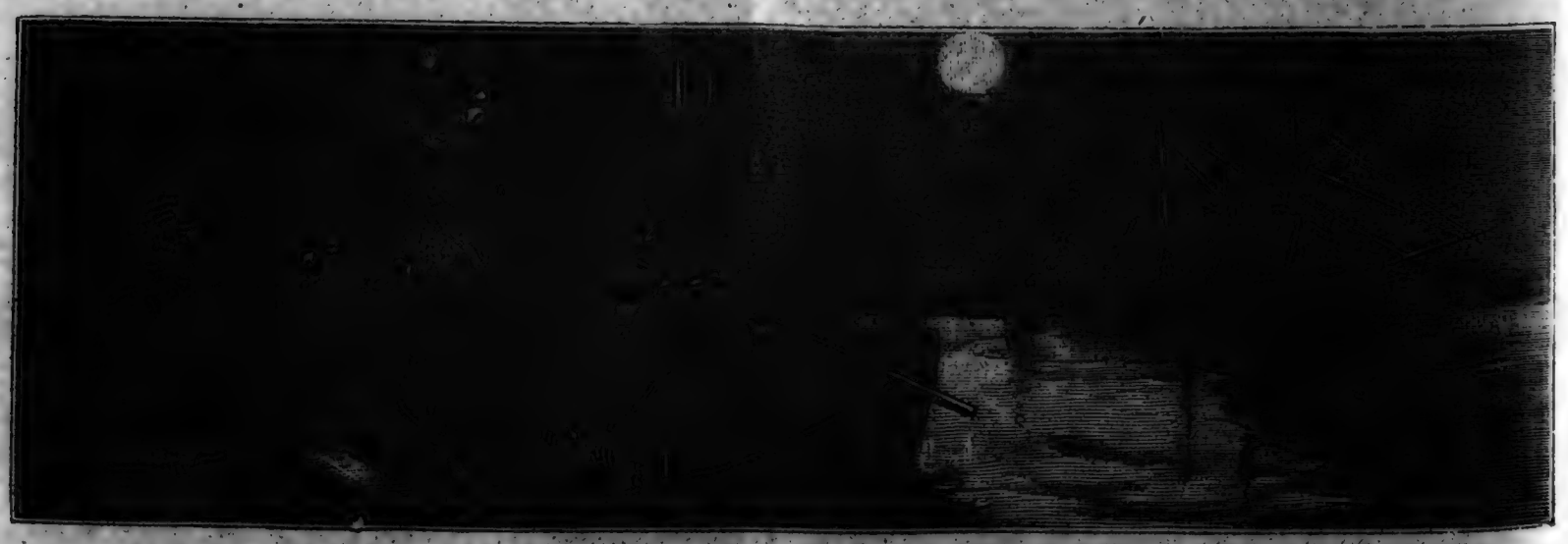
After the disappointment caused by the bad weather which on August 16 prevented the Britannia and Vigilant from sailing in the match arranged to be sailed fifteen miles to windward and back off the Isle of Wight, yachtsmen looked forward with keen expectation to seeing the match sailed on August 18. As the day appeared to be promising, with a light north-westerly wind, no doubts were entertained about the event coming off, and a large number of people assembled on the Downs at the back of the island whence a fine view could be obtained. Britannia had been towed down the Solent early in the morning, and Vigilant had sailed the distance. Mr. Gould's steam yacht Atalanta, the Royal yacht Osborne and a very large number of steam and sailing yachts were under way by eleven; but once again disappointment awaited them. When everything was ready for the start it was found that Vigilant was not coming to the line, and, on the cause being asked, she signalled that an accident had happened to her centre-board. Further inquiries elicited the information that she had touched an outlying rock in the neighbourhood of the Needles, and that her centre-board had fallen out and was lost. The race had, therefore, to be given up, and Vigilant returned to Southampton to repair the damage. It will probably be some time before she is in a condition to sail again.

* * *

The Edinburgh and back relay ride by the Catford Club was, weather considering, satisfactorily carried out. The first couple left London at 10 a.m. on Thursday, and at eighteen minutes to one on Friday the couple last entrusted with the despatch on the outward journey arrived in Edinburgh, being thus 1hr 42min behind the time allowed. On the homeward journey the relays picked up wonderfully, the rate of progression being much faster than going out. M. B. Fowler, and H. T. Arnott reached Biggleswade (758 miles from the beginning) at a quarter to twelve a.m. on Saturday, as against the schedule time of eighteen minutes past nine a.m. Hatfield (777½ miles) was passed by Tidy and Brice at two minutes past one p.m., and the last couple—Diver and Floyd—duly reached London at twenty-seven minutes past two p.m., or 2 hours 27min behind the time (fifty hours) originally allowed.

STRIKERS MOBBED THE POLICE.

The Manner in which the Chicago Police Handled a Gathering of Working Men who were out on a Strike.



SMUGGLING CHINAMEN INTO THE STATES.

How the Yellow Exiles beat the Geary Act in America.

BEATEN BY A GIRL.

Professional Jockeys find a Rival in a Fair Young Lady who knows How to Ride.

WARNED AGAINST THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

A Spectre Breaks up a Party of Revellers and Warns a Young Man not to Drink.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

(With Portrait.)

ALL classes do honour to his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, who is a lover of yachting and manly sports.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

(With Portrait.)

ANY sport of a manly character is admired by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

Prince Arthur was born May 1, 1850, and is premier in command at Aldershot.

COLONEL MALCOLM G. FOX.

Inspector-General of Gymnasiums to the British Army.

(With portrait.)

IT is just as essential for British soldiers to be proficient at sparring as at fencing or gymnastics, because it develops the muscles, quickens the eye, and imbues confidence into all who indulge in the manly art. Colonel Malcolm George Fox, Inspector-General of Gymnasiums to the British Army, has long conceded that fact, and has therefore agitated and encouraged boxing amongst the soldiers. Despite the adverse opinion of many, he has worked assiduously until now, and his efforts have met with a just reward. He may well feel proud of the manner in which he promoted the competitions at Aldershot the other day, and the highest possible compliment that could have been paid him was the attendance of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, besides distinguished officers of the English and German armies, who expressed a favourable opinion of the performances they had witnessed.

The tournament was a grand success and ably promoted by Col. Fox, who was aided in his efforts by several distinguished officers. Aside from the interest Col. Fox takes in manly sports, he is a gentleman who commands the respect and admiration of all who are fortunate enough to come in contact with him. Such as he are truly a credit to the Kingdom, and the people at Aldershot freely appreciate the fact.

CAPTAIN W. JOHNSTON.

1st Royal Irish Regiment, Winner of the Heavy-Weight Competition at Aldershot.

(With Portrait.)

THE victory of the gallant Captain W. Johnston, 1st Royal Irish Regiment, in the heavy-weight boxing competition at Aldershot was indeed a popular one. He is a remarkably fine specimen of manhood, standing 6ft 2in tall, scaling 13st 10lb, and an Apollo in appearance. The gallant captain was born at Kingstown, near Dublin, May 29, 1863, and is therefore 31 years of age. The manly art is not the only branch of sport Captain Johnston is proficient at, because he played for three years in the Dublin University team at football, captained the Sandhurst Rugby team in 1886, played cricket in the team known as the Gentlemen of Ireland, in America in 1888; besides capturing the honours in 1885 as champion amateur heavy-weight boxer of Ireland.

He was gazetted lieutenant 1st West India Regiment in August, 1886, and done active service on the West Coast of Africa the following year, for which he received special mention in dispatches.

The same honours were bestowed upon him in his service at Zambassa and Gambia, 1892.

In April, 1893, he was promoted to captaincy of the 1st Royal Irish Regiment.

SIR JOHN D. ASTLEY.

An English Sportsman who is Honoured by all Britons.

(With Portrait.)

ONE of the welcome visitors to the New Gymnasia at Aldershot, August 13, was Sir John D. Astley. We have no desire to enter into detail in publishing a sketch of the famous and honoured sportsman, because his career, which has been an unblemished one, is known by all true English sportsmen. Sir John has been identified with sports in general for fifty years, being a prominent figure on the Turf; it was he who has promoted so many long-distance pedestrian contests by giving handsome and expensive trophies to be competed for. In all England there is not a gentleman who has done so much toward making sport popular as the subject of our sketch. Lately he has taken an interest in whippet dog racing, and his name alone is sufficient guarantee that races by the dogs will be hailed with delight. For a thorough all-round English gentleman sportsman none are so well and favourably known as Sir John D. Astley.

MR. JOHN FLEMING.

The Premier Boxing Sport Manager of Great Britain.

(With Portrait.)

BEING acknowledged as the premier boxing sport promoter of Great Britain, Mr. John Fleming was deputised to supply the exhibition portion of the programme of the Aldershot Meeting, August 13 and 14, besides officiating as timekeeper. He is manager of the National Sporting Club, an organisation patronised by the gentry of Europe. Within its domain have been decided many great boxing contests, and in all fair play has been the rule. The success of the club is due to the efforts of its manager, Mr. John Fleming, who has done more than any one man in Europe to elevate the manly art. He has brought into prominence nearly all of the modern pugilists, particularly Jem Smith, who held the English Championship in the heavy-weight division. When but a boy he kept a boxing-room visited by Micky Gannon, who fought Jack Baldock, and since then he has been closely identified with the manly art. He obtained his first knowledge of boxing at Jem Ward's rooms in Whitechapel, Bill Richardson's, which was the home of Jem Mace, and at the —ing John, Holloway Lane, conducted by Jack Lead, Nat Langham's in the West End, Harry Branton's in The Barbican, and other noted old time resorts.

It was Mr. Fleming who put Ted Napper in the Five Ink Horns, New Nichols Street, Shoreditch, and was the first man to get as patrons to boxing the aristocracy of Europe. Jem Smith and Ted Pell are both indebted to Mr. Fleming for their first public appearance and subsequent reputation as pugilists. He managed boxing at the Pelican Club successfully, but left there to assume control of the National Sporting Club, patronised by the nobility of Europe.

MR. BERNARD JOHN ANGLE.

A London Gentleman who Judged the Aldershot Boxing Contests.

(With Portrait.)

MR. BERNARD JOHN ANGLE filled the post as referee of the Aldershot Boxing Competitions, and, as usual, his rulings were fair and well received. The members of the National Sporting Club displayed excellent judgment when they elected Mr. Angle, the stockbroker, as the official referee to act in that capacity in all glove contests decided at its club rooms.

The subject of our sketch first saw the light of day May 7, 1858, and when a young man took to boxing, aquatics, and gymnastics. Though he never held a championship at boxing as a heavy-weight, he has shown his superiority over many champions in bouts of a few rounds' duration. As a sculler he was a speedy man, and did as much as anyone in advancing the interests of aquatics. In all the principal fights of late years Mr. Angle has served as a referee, acting in that capacity in the Sullivan-Mitchell fight at Chantilly, France, in the spring of 1888.

Mr. Angle commands the respect of all the pugilists, and any decision he renders is unquestioned as to its fairness. He has done more than any man in the kingdom to bring boxing to a high level as a sport, and detests anything not strictly honourable and fair.

MR. RICHARD SMITH.

A Gentleman Prominently Identified with Amateur Boxing Sport.

(With Portrait.)

IT is mainly due to the efforts of a few gentlemen that amateur sparring sport maintains its popularity over other branches of manly exercises, and much credit is due to those who have been the means of increasing the general interest in the "game." Mr. Richard Smith, hon. sec. of the Cestus Boxing Club, the second largest organisation of its kind in the kingdom, may safely be classed as one of those we refer to, and who lends his services to the club for the pure love of the sport itself. He is a gentleman who is a favourite not only with the boxers, but all the better class of patrons of the Ring. Being a member of the National Sporting Club, he attends all the principal battles decided there. When Col. Fox requested Mr. John Fleming to invite several gentlemen to attend the competitions at Aldershot and officiate as judges, Mr. Smith was one of the first to whom Mr. Fleming appealed and, be it said, that no better selection could have been made. Mr. Smith, therefore had the honour of acting as a judge of bouts, patronised by one of the crowned heads of Europe, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and some of the foremost gentlemen of the Kingdom.

Mr. Smith is not a gentleman who seeks notoriety, and is always ready to contribute liberally toward the advancement of a branch of sport he admires so much.

MR. ALBERT FLEMING.

A Rising Young Sportsman Connected with the National Sporting Club.

(With Portrait.)

MR. ALBERT FLEMING is a son of John Fleming, the famous promoter of boxing sport, and manager of the National Sporting Club. He is following in the footsteps of his father as a promoter of sport, being engaged as an assistant at the National Sporting Club. He is a favourite with the members of that organisation, and finds his time well taken up in looking after the business affairs.

TOM BURROWS.

An Australian All-round Athlete who is a Favourite at Aldershot.

(With Portrait.)

MANY of the officers and soldiers who competed in the boxing competitions at Aldershot owe their knowledge of the manly art to the tuition of Tom Burrows, the Australian all-round athlete, who is located there. He was born at Ballarat, in the colony of Victoria, January 28, 1867, and stands 5ft 6¾in. He first cropped into prominence as a pedestrian in 1887, when, with nine yards start, he won a 135 Yard Sheffield Handicap at Melbourne. With a yard less he subsequently ran second, and then he won two level races —300 and 100 yards. In one day at the East-End Cricket Club Sports, Burrows proved successful in the Half-mile Race, the 100 Yards Race, and the High Jump. Following this the Victorian turned his attention to wrestling, at which sport he quickly distinguished himself. Towards the fall of 1887 he won the Lightweight Championship (Greco-Roman style) and the gold medal given by the F. P. Slavin combination, and a couple of months later he secured a gold medal given by the Mathews combination. Burrows next beat R. Adolph, of America, three straight falls out of five at the Melbourne Gymnasium for a £50 purse, and won the first two falls against Spedine at Hamilton. At the Melbourne Athletic Club he wrestled a three hours' draw with Joe Hickey, and later took a competition open to 10st men. In cricket, too, Burrows has taken high honours by securing the gold medal given for the best batting average (85·6) by the East Melbourne C.C. A few months before he sailed for England he won the Championship of Australia at Indian club swinging.

At Aldershot, October 17, 1893, he swung a pair of clubs, scaling 3lb each, for six hours without a stop, performing ninety distinct combinations, and in all 18,000 revolutions. Same placed he subsequently defeated R. Burns in two straight falls, Greco-Roman style of wrestling.

Burrows is a clever sparrer and looks after the interests of Tom Williams.

JERRY DRISCOLL.

Champion Pugilist of the Navy.

(With Portrait.)

BY his quiet and unassuming ways Jerry Driscoll, champion of the navy, has found many admirers amongst the gentlemen that patronise the manly art. He has made a remarkable improvement in his fistic form the past six months, and is now prepared to take on all comers up to 11st 4lb. He was one of the athletes selected to appear at the Aldershot tournament, having as a partner in three-round bouts Mr. Horace King, the amateur champion.

JAKE GAUDAUR.

American Champion Sculler who Challenges Thomas Sullivan to Row on the Thames.

(With Portrait.)

JAKE GAUDAUR, who challenges Thomas Sullivan to a single scull race over the Thames championship course for £200, or more, a-side, is probably the fastest oarsman America has ever produced. He was born at Orille, Ontario, and took to boating some twelve years since. He has won over a hundred races, and in matches against time, rowing three miles, with turn, he has shown remarkable performances. June 12, 1886, at Pullman, Ill., he defeated John Teemer for £2,000, but the following year he succumbed to both Ed. Hanlan and Teemer in match races. In open regattas Gaudaur has met with considerable success, being always well up in the front ranks, if not a winner, in every race he has started in. He beat Hanlan last year in a match race at Orille, and also finished first in a regatta at Austin, Texas, Henry Peterson being second, James Stansbury third, and Hanlan fourth. He easily secured the honours in the last Austin regatta this year, and has displayed championship in several races he has rowed in the States this season. He came here in 1886 to dispute championship honours with William Beach, the Australian, but was beaten after a close and exciting race.

TOM WILLIAMS.

A Clever 10st Pugilist who Teaches Boxing at Aldershot.

(With Portrait.)

TOM WILLIAMS, clever 10st pugilist, located at Aldershot, hails from the colonies of Australasia, and first saw the light of day at Brunswick, near Melbourne, Victoria, February 28, 1868. He is 5ft 8½in, and in fighting gear scales 10st. He was brought up in the Customs Department at Melbourne, but following the footsteps of his elder brother, Billy Williams, turned his attention to boxing about five years ago. At first he was rather unsuccessful, but since then he has placed numerous victories to his credit. In contests at Melbourne he has beaten J. Saxon, six rounds; H. Synnot, eight rounds; F. O'Neil, four rounds; H. Synnot, five rounds; Griffiths, one round; Jim Saxon, three rounds; Jim Barron, one round; Ben Seth, English heavy-weight, two rounds. Was beaten by Tom Tracy, four rounds; and in eight round contests he fought drawn battles with Jerry Marshall, J. Morris, Jim Saxon, Billy Maber, T. Ryan, and a fourteen-round draw with Maber at Adelaide. Williams also defeated George Dawson for the light-weight Championship of Australia and a purse of £250, and a side bet of £250 a-side, being the largest sum of money ever fought for in the Colonies.

Williams then came to this country, and on May 2, 1892, defeated Bill Hatcher in one round in London for £200. Visiting the United States he met Billy Smith, who defeated Williams in two rounds at Coney Island, New York State, April 17, 1893, for 5,000dols. Illness compelled him to pay forfeit to Harry Nickless, and he subsequently fought Cook Robin to a twenty round draw at the National Sporting Club, London, for a £200 purse. Williams is open to fight any man in the world at from 10st to 10st 6lb in weight for £200 a-side and an added purse.

LADIES WHO ENJOY ATHLETICS.

Gymnasiums Established for the Fair Sex Find Liberal Patronage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT has only been in the past few years that the fair sex have taken an active part in athletic pastimes. In days gone by it was considered rude for a young lady to indulge in any of the manly exercises so conducive to good health, but we are pleased to know that such unreasonable views are rapidly disappearing. Young ladies have proven their abilities at bicycling, cricket, and golf publicly, but the best tests of their prowess may be ascertained in the gymnasiums established for their benefit, and which find liberal patronage. The class of ladies who indulge in such healthy pastimes are not of the lower order, neither do they belong to the very select set. As the Irishman says, "they are betwixt and between." That is to say, they comprise a highly respectable class comfortably situated financially. A visit to any of the ladies' gymnasiums will convince you that the fair sex can handle Indian clubs, do trapeze work, climbing the rope, swinging the rings, or tumbling equally as well as many of our amateurs, who find so much beneficial enjoyment in such institutions of athletic exercise.

WARNED AGAINST THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

A Spectre Breaks up a Party of Revellers and Warns a Young Man not to Drink.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"PEOPLE are rather dubious about believing in ghosts," says a correspondent, "but I was one of a party of four that experienced a sight I shall ever remember. One of our party was a young man whose parents had died and left him with a comfortable income. He indulged in gambling, and caroused about a great deal, so that it was generally believed that he would soon lose not only his income but the estate from which he derived it. Four of us formed a party and it was arranged that after a wine supper we should indulge in a game of cards. We were just going to quaff off a glass of champagne when we felt a cold breeze blow toward us. Turning about I saw a spectre robed in white approach with right arm extended, and in a sepulchral voice, warn the young man to arrest his downward path to destruction. The young profligate let fall the glass from his hand, and fell fainting to the floor. In the meantime the spectre vanished as quietly as it came. When the young man was revived he declared that it was an apparition of his mother that he saw, and declared he would lead a different life in future. Our little party disbanded, to the disappointment of two of them who had it in to fleece the young man as well as myself. When I think the matter over I often believe that the visitation was none other than the young man's sweetheart, who adopted that method to reform him."

A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN.

Sir Tatton Sykes.

In the early part of the nineteenth century no sportsman was better known or appreciated than Sir Tatton Sykes. He was born in Whitdrake, August 22, 1772. After receiving an education at Bishopsthorpe and Westminster, he was placed for a brief spell with a London firm of solicitors, Messrs. Atkinson and Farrar, and it was whilst he was articled to that firm that Sir Tatton walked from London to Epsom to see Eager's Derby, in 1791, starting at four on that June Thursday, and landing back at Lamb's Conduit Street at eleven at night. Next year he rode down to see Buckle win it on John Bull, and he never went to Epsom afterwards. Soon after this he was set to learn the business of a country banker at Hull, and mightily astonished his fellow-clerks by walking thence to his father's seat at Sledmere, thirty-two miles, after the day's business was done, on his first Saturday there, and repeating the feat on Monday morning, arriving early at Hull, and perfectly fresh for the duties of the desk. But a year or two later he performed a more remarkable pedestrian feat than this. He had been smitten even at that early age with a desire to have some pure Bakewells from Mr. Sandby's flock, and after selecting half a score at 20gs a-piece, he met them subsequently at Lincoln, where they arrived from Holmepierrepoint by waggon, and drove them home in person, a three days' journey, to Barton. He soon became a ram-letter, and September, 1861, was the 58th anniversary of his show, whilst until he was upwards of eighty he never missed his annual June ride into the Midlands to Burgess's, Buckley's, and Stone's. The Loves of Leicesters always fought hard for supremacy with that of thoroughbreds at Sledmere. It peeped out in the naming of the bay colt "Holmepierrepoint," on which Sim Templeman, in his 7st days, was beaten in a canter at York by the dam of Charles XII., and the following anecdote is told in connection with this passion of Sir Tatton's. At Catterick Races, on one occasion, Mr. Baker, of Elemore, was beaten by Sir Tatton Sykes for a Hunters' Stake, owners up; as the baronet passed the stand an easy winner he gallantly raised his whip to the ladies—a simple act which Mr. Baker absurdly construed into an expression of triumph over himself, and resolved to be avenged upon the insolent victor. Accordingly, at Mr. Robert Collings' great sheep sale, Mr. Baker made matters very hot for Sir Tatton by bidding up for every lot which he knew the baronet was anxious to purchase, and in this way the shearling Ajax, on whom Sir Tatton had set his heart, was run up to 156 guineas. It was his custom all his life to be up with the lark in the summer and long before sunrise in the winter. His favourite breakfast was an apple tart and new milk, and after he had partaken of that humble meal he has been often known to relieve a stone-breaker at his work by the roadside, and keep himself warm by breaking stones until the man, who had been sent to the manor house, to be served with a pint of home-brewed and a crust of bread, returned. A great deal of healthy exercise, on horse-back or on foot, always intervened between Sir Tatton's early breakfast and his luncheon. The latter meal was most often a crust of brown bread, Yorkshire cream cheese, and a pint of the Sledmere home-brewed. His brewage was famous not only over the county of York, but throughout the north of England, and it was dispensed with a liberal hand. No one was ever known to leave that hospitable roof without at least a substantial "crust" and a pint of that "generous malt." Sir Tatton was a splendid specimen of a stalwart Englishman. He stood quite six feet in height, and though he never in his prime, exceeded 11st, was very muscular, and as a boxer was renowned for his terrifically hard hitting. Neither "Gentleman" Jackson nor Jem Belcher ever had an easier or more formidable pupil. Once, when Sir Tatton was out upon one of his sheep-buying expeditions, he ordered "a pitcher of ale" at the bar of an inn. There were a couple of huge truculent drovers lounging in the tap-room, and one of these ruffians coolly took up the ale and drank it. Sir Tatton said not a word, but in his mild, quiet voice ordered another draught, whereupon the second drover, with a brutal laugh, laid hands on it and tossed it off. A third supply was handed to the baronet, and when he had quaffed it, he quietly buttoned up his coat, told ruffian number one to stand up, thrashed him to his heart's content, and then, turning round to number two, who was somewhat amazed, but even more enraged at the discomfiture of his comrade, served him in precisely the same manner; after which, bruised and bleeding, the two hulking bullies slunk away like whipped curs. His face was a singularly pleasing one—frank, open, honest, handsome. He was extremely plain in his dress, and was seldom seen without top boots and drab kerseymere breeches. No one in his day could equal him in the saddle across country, and he invariably headed the field with his own hounds, which he hunted without subscription for years. His exploits as a jockey were numerous. He won his maiden race in "the orange body, blue sleeves and cap" of Sledmere, on his brother Mark's Sir Pertinax, at Beverley. Sir Tatton had on that occasion to ride 13st, but 11st was his regular racing weight, and he scaled 10st over Morpeth at a pinch. No one ever loved a mount better, and he rode until he was upwards of sixty for anyone who asked him, without a thought of fatigue or distance. On one occasion, after riding sixty-three miles from Sledmere that morning, he was second to Mr. Lindlow in the four-miles Macaroni Stakes at Pontefract, slept at Doncaster that night, and was beaten in another four-mile heat race against Splitpost Douglas at Lincoln next day. Another time, in 1817, he journeyed from Sledmere to Aberdeen with his racing jacket under his waistcoat, and a clean shirt and a razor in his pocket, for the sake of a mount on the Marquis of Huntley's Kutosoff, when the Welter Stakes was the greatest race in Scotland; and without stopping to dine, went back to sleep that night at Brechin, eventually reaching Doncaster after a six days' ride just in time to see Blacklock beaten for the St. Leger. The 720 miles were done principally in the forenoon on a little blood-mare, and, with the exception of a slight stiffness, she seemed none the worse for the feat. Caller Ou's St. Leger in 1861 was the seventy-sixth Sir Tatton had seen, with only one break from illness, in 1839, when Charles XII. and Euclid ran their memorable dead-heat; and he lodged for forty years with a cowkeeper in Sheffield Lane, who offered him a bed by accident when he arrived late one night, and not another roosting-place was to be had in the town. When his old huntsman, Tom Carter, died in 1854, Sir Tatton ceased to ride to Doncaster; but when Tom was at his side, they used to meet at Pocklington, come through between four and five, and sleep at Booth Ferry on the "Cup" evening. The first of his rides to London was in 1805, when he sat for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence in the scarlet coat and black silk breeches, &c., which formed the evening costume of the Castle Howard Hunt. Sir Tatton Sykes was one of the largest breeders of bloodstock in England. At the time of his death, which took place in his 91st year, on the 21st of March, 1863, his stud numbered upwards of 200 horses and mares, and it was no small feat for one man to have bred Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, Elcho, Dalby, and Lecturer, to say nothing of a host of minor winners. His actual connection with the turf, however, as a racing man, was not extensive. His name first appears in the *Racing Calendar* as an owner of racehorses in 1803, when his Telemachus ran at Middleton. In 1805 he rode his own horse, Hudibras, at Malton, and won. In 1808 he matched his mare, Theresa, over a four-mile course at Doncaster for five hundred guineas, owners up, and won. For twenty years after this date Sir Tatton, from time to time, kept a few horses in training at Malton, chiefly for the purpose of mounting them himself in races for gentleman riders. His colours were orange and purple, and the last time he wore them on a winning horse of his own was in 1829, when he won the Welham Cup at Malton. Some years before he succeeded to the baronetcy Sir Tatton became M.F.H., and continued master of a pack of foxhounds for forty years. Perhaps there never was a better master in England, and that is saying a great deal, when we recall such names as Forester, Farquharson, Meynell and Assheton-Smith. He was in his seventieth year when he gave up his hounds, and this only because of his determination not to continue the mastership. Sir Tatton's servants were always splendidly mounted, a fact which may readily be accounted for when the master's judgment in horse-flesh and enormous breeding establishment are taken into consideration. He had a very large stud of thoroughbred horses, and among his 120 brood mares, all the best blood of the English "Stud Book" was represented. Sir Tatton, too, was well-known as a constant frequenter of the sales of bloodstock by Messrs. Tattersall at York and Doncaster. In September, 1862, he had bid 3,000 guineas for Fandango, but was so anxious to get the horse that he "sprang" another hundred, and when Mr. Richard Tattersall reminded him that he had made the last bid as well, Sir Tatton merely pulled out his watch and said, "Knock him down, Mr. Tattersall, knock him down; we want to go to the races." And Sir Tatton did go, and sent for Mr. Henry Hall Dixon to introduce Tom Sayers to him, that famous bruiser having then all his blushing honours thick upon him. A ring was formed in the stand enclosure, and the people stood still to gaze at the interesting and suggestive sight of the octogenarian pupil of "Gentleman" Jackson and Jem Belcher shaking hands with the gallant champion of England. Of the venerable baronet's pluck a good instance is recorded in connection with Mr. Tattersall. The two went together to the theatre at Doncaster, and were sitting in the back row of the boxes, when a person came in with a cigar in his mouth. As there were ladies in the box he was asked to put it out. The man refused, and Mr. Tattersall, who though lame was very powerful, opened the door with one hand and swung the fellow out with the other. He stormed and blustered, but Sir Tatton immediately jumped up, buttoned his coat, and said in his mild way, "Leave him to me, sir. If he comes back, leave him to me." But the cad did not come back. Although mixing much among sporting men at a time when swearing was the fashion, the grand old Yorkshireman, like Admiral Pocock, of Havannah renown, was not only not addicted to the habit, but cordially disliked it. When that eccentric jockey, Will Scott, was mounted for the St. Leger of 1846, on the horse which bore Sir Tatton's honoured name, a noble lord, whose knowledge of the merits of Iago led him to think that Frank Buckle would do the trick upon the latter horse, said to Scott, "You won't win to-day, Bill." "You be d——d!" was the rude reply of the spoilt jockey. Sir Tatton was at hand, and called out in his own mild way, "Don't be rude, William, and don't swear, and I will lead your horse back if you win!" The horse did win, and how the Yorkshiremen cheered as the venerable baronet, then in his 75th year, led his namesake back to the weighing house! From that hour till the day of his death every jockey that rode a St. Leger winner claimed, as one of the rewards of winning, a shake of the hand and a kind word from the Yorkshire patriarch. It will be long before the name of Sir Tatton ceases to be familiar among the sportsmen of the shire of broad acres. He was the very type of man they best appreciate and admire. He loved a good horse, a good hound, a good shorthorn, a good sheep, and at Sledmere he gratified his taste for all of them on a princely scale. Indeed, the reverence felt for him in Yorkshire was akin to idolatry. To see him riding out of the Eddlethorpe paddock after a September ram-letting on his Colwick black, accompanied by the clergyman of Sledmere, returning right and left the greetings of friends and tenants, and to hear the half-whispered "God bless him! how hearty he is—he'll put in for a hundred," reads to us like a chapter out of the *Spectator*. "How's Sir Tatton looking?" was one of the first questions asked as each York and Doncaster meeting came round, and strangers would bustle their way in excitement through the mob to have a glimpse at the famous old sportsman as, umbrella in hand, he stood there dressed in the old garb of Yorkshire—the long, straight-cut black coat, the ample frill, the beaver gloves, the drab breeches, and the mahogany tops. To the last the old baronet was "a hardy Norseman;" and "The Druid" tells us that it was his habit to get up at five in the winter, shave himself with cold water, and wash his head. He would then go into the library on the side of the house looking into the park, with the church peeping out among the embosoming woods, scarce a bow shot from the house, as pleasant a pastoral scene as any in England, and walk up and down in his dressing-gown, slippers, and breeches. The library is ninety feet in length, and he used to calculate how many miles he walked by filling his pocket with silver and depositing a piece of it on a table at one end every time he had finished the return journey. Sometimes "the ultimate array of monitors" would speak to a strong four-mile exercise before breakfast, and this, be it remembered, when he was almost a nonagenarian. He was suspected of a strong secret wish to reach the age of a hundred years, and it is possible that he might have done so but for an act of imprudence in his eighty-ninth year. The road between Sledmere and Fimber was being lowered, and he had worked very hard in his shirt-sleeves at breaking stones. His faithful old servant, Richard, brought him his ale and sandwich for luncheon, and Sir Tatton sat down on a tree-root in the plantation to eat it, and there fell fast asleep; the draught brought on a chill which he never got over. Two years later, in the March of 1863, he had an attack of gout, which rather amused him than otherwise, seeing that his family had been subject to it, and here was he, the premier sportsman in England, only caught by it after he had passed his ninetieth year. When it quitted him, eight days before his death, dropsy rapidly set in, and the sad whisper, scarcely believed at first, went over Yorkshire: "Sir Tatton is dying!" Some hoped he might rally as he had done before, but the once iron frame had found its conqueror. He lay almost insensible, but breathing heavily from Tuesday to Saturday, and then his brave old heart went out with the dawn. "Keen and shrewd, yet in many aspects of his character a Sir Roger de Coverley," Sir Tatton Sykes had lived an ideal patriarchal life; he was everybody's adviser that wanted advice, everybody's friend that wanted help; he was his great county's pride; his name was a proverb and a household word over all the broad acres of Yorkshire; and at his funeral 3,000 persons were present to pay the last tribute of respect to as fine an English gentleman as any age has seen.

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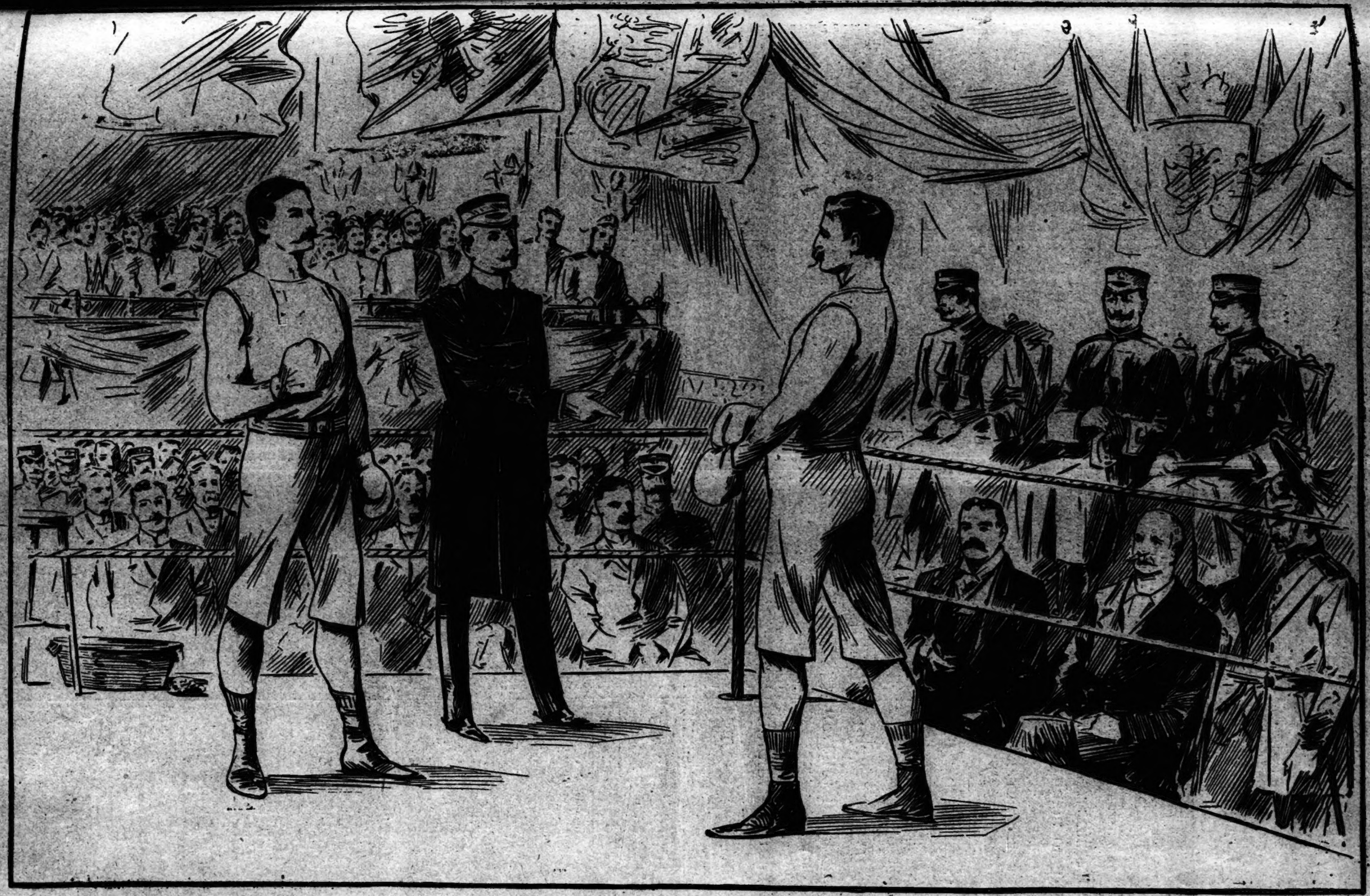

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